The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1924 NUMBER 496

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The Week

MANY signs conspire to prove that the new French government will lean sufficiently toward the Right to maintain a formal continuity with the policy of Poincaré. The Ruhr, M. Herriot says, will be evacuated, but only when the Germans have adopted the measures necessary to put the Dawes plan into effect and when an understanding with England insures France against flagrant German default. When Russia acknowledges her debt to France she will be recognized. Poincaré's agreements with Morgan on budgetary reform will be observed. Plainly the French conservatives have little to fear from an Herriot government. The radicals have been sobered in anticipation of responsibility. The power over the franc which Poincaré continues to wield is probably a still more potent influence making for sobriety. He would only need to pass the word that the Bank of France would hold hands off to start a bear raid that would send the new government off under the gloomiest of auspices. The drop from more than six and three-quarters cents to less than five and a half is sufficient warning of what might happen if Poincaré set out to wreck the franc.

GERMAN communists, as could easily have been foreseen, are opposed to the adoption of the Dawes plan. If the plan fails the present condition of distress in Germany will be prolonged indefinitely and a larger fraction of the population will be weaned of all hope of economic reconstruction along traditional lines. There is logic in the position, if not much sense. The French communists take the same position. They are going to fight this "counter-revolutionary Holy Alliance of the bourgeois parties." If they can help it, capitalism is not to have this chance of getting another lease of life. The communists of both countries know that their opposition to the Dawes plan throws the two governments toward the Right and increases the probability that no workable settlement will be reached. But this is exactly what the impossibilists are looking for. Let matters go from bad to worse until the crash comes to usher in the millennium.

IT is a curious fact that the most conservative political parties are never safe guardians of the interests of property. In Germany and in France the extreme Right stands today, as it has stood ever since the war, for policies that make for the decay of private property. They are against the Dawes plan, against trade with Russia, against a sound fiscal policy. In England it is the "Socialistic" government which is pushing the interests of British trade. The extreme Tories look coldly upon MacDonald's efforts to compose the Franco-German quarrel and to extend the market for British products in Russia. Our own extreme Right, led by Mr. Hughes, not only opposes American recognition of Russia but frowns upon British and French moves in that direction, being quite unaware of the fact that the success of the Dawes plan is premised on the opening of new markets for the increased volume of industrial exports. With the best of will toward property interests the extreme Right gets squarely in their way. Its defect is one of intelligence stunted and distorted by

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too rigid an armor of abstract principles. The moderate radicals do not love property interests so devotedly, but their intelligence is usable. That is why property interests find it advantageous in the long run to come to terms with them.

THE Senate has accepted, by a vote of 56 to 5, the report of the Borah Committee exonerating Senator Wheeler. That it would do so was a foregone conclusion. No evidence was obtained to justify in the least degree the supposition that he had violated the law which prohibits a member of Congress from appearing on behalf of a client before a federal department. Senator Sterling made a sorry spectacle of himself when he spoke for three hours against the Borah resolution, although admitting that he does not believe Wheeler guilty. He was subjected to an unmerciful bombardment by his colleagues while not one of the men who might be expected to come to his rescue in a case of this sort lifted a finger. Senator Sterling, indeed, had somewhat the air of one who has been appointed to be a sacrificial goat, and accepts the pain and humiliation of the rôle in expectation of rewards well-earned. We confess we cannot muster much sympathy for him. Senator Sterling is seventy-three. A man of that age should long ago have passed the time when he would consent to wield the whitewash brush on behalf of such a sorry crew as sought to engineer a frame-up against Senator Wheeler and blackmail him into dropping the investigation of Daugherty.

THE results of the investigation clearly call for a future Congressional inquiry into the detective bureaus, which so many of the departments in Washington have been slowly building up. They have gradually become an abuse, a waste and a source of grave demoralization. If Mr. Crim is right, they are not merely for the most part inefficient and useless agencies but in their functioning they inevitably leave a trail behind them of corruption and intimidation. This is what one would logically expect in the conduct of an activity which at best assumes the guilt of other people and seeks to procure proof of such guilt, and the anticipation is confirmed by everything which we know about the operation of detective agencies outside and inside of the government. They necessarily operate secretly and irresponsibly. They necessarily use for their employes people of limited intelligence and ambiguous morals. They necessarily consider themselves to belong to a class of superior malefactors who are privileged to break the law in order ostensibly to detect its violators. As a matter of fact they often work to manufacture the crimes which they are supposed to detect, and when they are dealing with a really powerful criminal, they are much more likely to betray their employer than they are to detect the crime. The diminution of this abuse should be one of the first official acts of a future progressive majority in Congress.

WE do not understand why Mr. McAdoo should be disturbed because Judge Gary imputed to him the idea of the government's taking over the steel industry during the war. It has long been known generally that at the beginning of the war the steel industry had an exaggerated idea of fair prices and profits. It had been spoiled by the extremely lucrative Allied contracts. There was a serious question as to whether the industry would give its services wholeheartedly to the government unless it received prices far above cost. So far as the public was informed, the industry finally consented to a scale of prices which, while stiff enough to make a lot of money for the industry, was not ruinous to the government. Now we learn from Judge Gary's statement and Mr. Baruch's reply that the steel industry consented to the policy of moderation only after the War Industries Board had threatened to take over the industry. If Mr. McAdoo had originated the threat—which he denies—it would have been something to be proud of, not to apologize for.

FROM Judge Gary's account of the matter we are given to understand that it was his courageous resistance that blocked the project. The inference from Mr. Baruch's account, which appears to have more authentic records behind it, is that Judge Gary's yielding on the matter of price made federal operation unnecessary. Judge Gary did not like price fixing and doubted the legal power of the government to apply it. We are sorry he did not test it out. It would interest millions of Americans to have it established that in time of war, when the government assumes the right to conscript every citizen for military service and to send such men as it chooses to certain death, it has not the power to force its industries to perform work as essential as fighting at the front unless it permits those industries to charge such prices as they see fit. We think Mr. Baruch is right in his view that in time of war the principle of conscription should extend to money and industry as well as to men.

SENATOR LODGE'S monstrosity of a new World Court plan has died in the cradle; and Senator Pepper now stands forth as the proud parent of compromise nearly as absurd, if viewed in the light of commonsense and not of partisan politics. Mr. Pepper would retain the existing court, existing judges and jurisdiction. But instead of keeping as the parent body the Council and Assembly of the League, he invents a "Council of Signatories" and "Assembly of Signatories," with membership which could be practically coextensive with these bodies in the League. This plan has now been reported out to the Senate by the Foreign Relations Committee, which voted 10 to 4 in favor of doing so. It is generally expected that no action on the World Court will be taken before the June adjournment; and while we regret the delay, postponement is better than action so absurd in its truckling to hysterical

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isolationism that it would make us the laughing stock of the world. The forty-seven nations which are supporting the existing Court are well aware that sentiment in the United States is moving steadily toward adhesion to it under reservations no more drastic than the original Harding-Hughes suggestions. They know that a Democratic victory next fall would probably mean prompt entrance on those terms. They are not likely to imperil their whole project now on the chance of securing American coöperation somewhat earlier than it would otherwise be proffered.

GEORGE H. CARTER, United States Public Printer, is a federal official in refreshing contrast to many others of whom we have recently heard. When Mr. Carter entered upon his activities he found the Government Printing Office honeycombed with inefficient and illegal practices. The buying and selling of liquor was almost universal, one foreman actually operating a still on the premises, while a trusted messenger between the Printing Office and the Capitol was a bootlegger for Congressmen. Scores of employes were gambling on the races, government wires being used to place bets which averaged a total of $1,000 a day. An oath-bound secret society existed and apparently still exists, which protects its members no matter how inefficient. Mr. Carter in his effort to clean house has dismissed 268 employes; but he declares that the forces hostile to him are still strong enough to be planning a drive to get him ousted. An investigation of the situation is now proposed by a Congressional committee. On the face of the facts it seems wholly desirable.

A WESTERN correspondent has sent us a clipping from the Spokane Spokesman which offers interesting information on the fate of the Single Tax in the Canadian Northwest, where it seemed to have gained secure footing fifteen years ago. Edmonton abandoned the Single Tax in 1918 and is taxing improvements at 60 percent of their value. In 1919 Calgary raised the tax on improvements from 25 percent to 50 percent. Moosejaw and Vancouver tax improvements at 50 percent, Saskatoon at 45 percent. Victoria held on longest to the principle of exempting improvements but now taxes them at 33 1-3 percent. Apparently the reason for returning to the taxation of improvements was purely fiscal. The land taxes alone, which looked like an adequate source of revenue in the boom period of the first decade of the century, proved inadequate. There is still a differentiation between land and improvements in the tax levy, which shows that public sentiment has not altogether repudiated the principle of the Single Tax. This point will no doubt be ignored by those who are eager to prove the failure of the Single Tax, just as the exceptional circumstances of a boom period were ignored by those who were eager to prove the success of the Single Tax. Success or failure in isolated cities proves nothing, unless extreme pains are taken to discount the effects of forces not properly in the experiment but powerful nevertheless.

WHEN Cyrus H. K. Curtis bought the New York Evening Post and subjected it to a process which Franklin P. Adams has described as "Philadelphia Legerdemain" there must have been a good many readers of the paper who looked forward apprehensively to the future of its admirable Saturday book supplement, the Literary Review. Apparently, this apprehension was not without justification, since the editors of the Literary Review recently resigned in a body. We are glad to inform our readers that the type of work they have been doing is not to disappear. Dr. Henry Canby is to become editor of a new Saturday Review of Literature, to be published in New York. He will have associated with him not only William Rose Benét and Miss Amy Loveman, of the Literary Review, but Christopher Morley, the philosophic essayist who lately resigned as editor of a daily column, the Bowling Green, in the Evening Post. We congratulate Dr. Canby and his associates on having surmounted with success a type of adversity which is becoming almost the universal lot in journalism; and we congratulate the bookloving public that literary criticism in America is to continue to feel a decidedly useful influence.

THE player-writer controversy in the lawn-tennis world is reaching a climax. No one denies the services that Mr. Tilden—rather unwisely chosen as a peg for the United States Lawn Tennis Association's thesis—has rendered to the game. His superlative genius as a player, and his high standard of sportsmanship, invaluable as they are as an example, have possibly contributed less even than his indefatigable encouragement of young players and the stimulus that he has given throughout the country to interest in lawn-tennis. The Association seems, we believe, a little hazy in its definitions: Just what degree of incompetence as a player safeguards one's amateur status? How small a fee as a writer saves one from the taint of professionalism? Pending the decision on these vital issues, we shall continue to believe that the word amateur is synonymous with "lover of the game," and describes a spirit which can be neither engendered nor destroyed by arbitrary regulations.

ON May twenty-fourth Anatole France celebrated his eightieth birthday. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he reluctantly joined in a great national ceremony, the most impressive purely literary tribute France has rendered to one of her sons within the memory of living men. The occasion was distinguished by the presence of his most eminent colleagues in half a dozen fields. The nation, as well as the author, was honored by recital of his

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golden words: the reading of M. Bergeret, the playing of The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife, the singing of Thais. But Fate has paid Anatole France a higher tribute still, the tribute of acknowledging him to have been right. From the darkest days of the war madness he stood by the radical internationalist, Caillaux, as once before he stood by Dreyfus. From the first days of Caillaux's banishment he has resolutely asserted through thick and thin of political controversy that the exile would come back. He has made the return of Caillaux a symbol of the subsidence of political passion, the recovery of national equilibrium. And now, in supreme poetic justice, the leaders of the new Chamber of Deputies are considering the recall of Caillaux. This is the highest honor which could come to the prophet for the celebration of his birthday. No one who knows his mind can doubt that Anatole France would rather be right than be President of the Academy.

THE House Committee on Naval Affairs has originated a new theory of preparedness. The popularity of the recent disarmament conference makes a recurrence of disarmament efforts almost a certainty. The United States must therefore be prepared for that exigency. And since our stock of scout cruisers is so low that we should cut but a poor figure slashing that item, it is now clearly incumbent upon us to build eight more at a cost of $11,100,000 per vessel. Then, presumably, we can disarm with some show of self-respect. This argument is probably disingenuous, but not after all so simple as it seems. The movement toward the reduction of armaments presents those who have the military fortunes of the nations at heart with an unprecedented emergency that must be met somehow. The only sure way to meet it is to discount it in advance. Assuming that disarmament may be confined in the future, as in the past, to obsolete equipment, the following rule appears to be the inevitable deduction from the necessities of the situation: We must build an active navy in preparation for war. We must also build an obsolescent navy for disarmament purposes. Then we shall be prepared for every emergency.

A Degenerating Party

THE congressional session and consequently the most important task of Congress, that of investigating the operations of two of the executive departments, is coming to an end. Its ending need not be regretted. There are, no doubt, many more facts connected both with the oil leases and with the conduct of the Department of Justice which it would be useful to publish, but they would only add detail to a story whose large outlines and major values are already revealed. While the public does not know everything, it knows enough to detect the culprits, to assess the responsibility and to understand what has happened to the stuff and quality of the Republican party as the result of Harding's nomination four years ago.

Two committees, one led by Senator Walsh and one by Senator Wheeler, have carried on the investigation. Senator Walsh's committee accomplished, of course, the rough pioneer work and exposed to the American public the existence of gross abuses in one executive department of the government. It discovered a member of the Cabinet in the act of accepting money from men to whom he was granting enormously valuable economic concessions. It forced the resignation of one of the two Secretaries who were responsible for the oil contracts and the criminal prosecution of the other. Yet important as the exposure was and damaging as it may and should have been to all concerned, it revealed in our opinion the existence of a less sinister and poisonous disease in the government and in the Republican party than did the exposures of the Wheeler Committee about the traffic in illegal privileges which was carried on in the Department of Justice.

In the case of the oil leases the investigation exposed the commission of something very much like bribery; and that is, of course, a peculiarly heinous offence on the part of a Cabinet officer and the presidents of large corporations. But the offence was not so poisonously infectious as that which appeared in the case of the Department of Justice. There were only a few people who had any knowledge of the corruption connected with the execution of the oil leases; and as soon as they were exposed they were all publicly repudiated and are being more or less severely punished. The President of the United States and the Republican leaders have acted in relation to those who were guilty of Tea Pot Dome in at least a formally correct manner. To be sure there are other aspects of the business in which their record is not at all so correct. There was probably a deliberate conspiracy on the part of certain oil magnates to have a man like Fall appointed as Secretary of the Interior. Conspiracy of this kind could not have succeeded unless the Republican party had become the kind of organization which allowed its favors to be bought and sold. Many important business men and politicians knew or shrewdly suspected the existence of this buying and selling and considered it of more public importance to suppress their suspicions or their knowledge than to publish them. Yet in relation to the economic justifiability of the leases themselves there was room for a difference of opinion. The New Republic considers them a grave mistake as a matter of public policy, but the verdict raises an economic question about which men may differ without being justified in calling each other hard names. A Republican may fairly urge that though in the case of some officials the oil leases were the product of fraud and crime, though in the case of many more something in the nature of a conspiracy by a few people to profiteer

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at public expense can be inferred from the evidence, still from the point of view of the great majority of the Republican leaders and followers they are rather a limited than a general liability for the party.

The revelations of the Wheeler committee about the conduct of the Department of Justice cannot be dismissed with any such apology. They betray the existence in the Republican party of more infectious, ugly and wide-spread corruption than do the facts disclosed by the Walsh Committee. As soon as Daugherty took charge, there began operating in that department a "gang" which sold for its own profit privileges to break the laws of the United States. The members of this gang were all the intimate personal friends and boon companions of the Attorney-General. He must have known the kind of men they were and the kind of traffic they were carrying on. There were other high officials in the department who, no matter whether they profited by this traffic or not, must have known of its existence. There were in addition literally thousands of business men and politicians who knew more or less about the hideous performances of Daugherty's friends. Yet one and all they suppressed their guilty knowledge and so became accessory to the crime. When an attempt was made to expose the department and to punish its chief, good Republicans rallied to the malefactors and literally intimidated the fool-hardy muckraker into silence and impotence. Practically the whole of the official Republican machine in Washington connived at the twisting of the law-enforcing department of the federal government into a law-defying and law-denying department. The Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, is one of the most eminent members of the American legal profession, a former President of the Bar Association and Justice of the Supreme Court. No one knows better than he how fatally demoralizing it is to allow corruption to invade the administration of justice. Yet he either deliberately refused to recognize facts which were common property or he allowed corruption to continue which his interference could have prevented. President Coolidge prides himself on being a moralist. He cannot open his mouth without imputing righteousness to himself, his associates and their ways and identifying the Republican régime with the moral order of the universe. But when this professionally good man succeeded to the Presidency, Daugherty was allowed to remain, and was finally dismissed only under compulsion and was sent back to his Ohio home with a certificate of good character.

Decent people who are also Republicans could not behave in this way unless the Republican party were suffering from the consequences of past mistakes which force them to appear worse than they really are. A body of citizens as large as the Republican party must reflect in the private lives of its members approximately the moral standards of the whole community; but every large organization which performs important public functions is an evolving body and creates in its own neighborhood an atmosphere which tends to develop either the better or the worse ingredients in its own life. In the days of Lincoln and Roosevelt the Republican party accepted a leadership which, so long as it lasted, enabled it to act and to appear better than it really was. But in the recent period of Coolidge and Harding it has degenerated so that it seems unable to avoid the domination of men whose conduct makes it appear to be worse than it really is. A creeping paralysis is overtaking its moral controls. On the occasion of Harding's nomination it submitted without resistance to the dictatorship of its own baser elements. Later when the nature and consciousness of this aberration were revealed to all, it did not have the courage and the insight to recognize and to confront its grievous mistake. It preferred, if possible, to conceal its ignobility from itself and from other people. As a result of this mixture of turpitude and self-deception, it is sliding down hill with so much momentum that apparently it has no chance of recovery until it lands at the bottom with a crash.

The Republican party will never recover until its more conscientious members recognize the need of repudiating those malign influences to which it yielded during and after the convention of 1920. The appointment of a man like Daugherty without protest or opposition was outrageous. The connivance of so many thousand influential politicians and business men in his conduct of his office was more outrageous. But most outrageous of all is the silence and the complacency with which Daugherty's fellow Republicans have greeted the bad news. Just as they protected him from exposure for as long as they could, so they exonerated him from blame after the exposure had taken place. They preserved their reprobation for the men who courageously conducted the exposures. They even looked on without protest while their own fellow Republicans framed up an indictment against Senator Wheeler in the hope of discrediting his work and bringing it to an end. In this, if in no other respect, they have followed the leadership of that punctilious and inveterate moralist who lives in the White House.

So far as we know not a single Republican leader, except those who were already in revolt against the management of the party, has ever uttered a word in condemnation of Daugherty's conduct of the Department of Justice either before or since the exposures. They have taken no steps to protect themselves or the nation against a repetition of the offence if ever they are returned to power. In its present state of mind and under its existing leadership the Republican party is incapable of self-correction. It must be reformed if at all from without—from the blows of its enemies, the increasing desertion of its disinterested friends, the demoralization of its thick and thin supporters and finally from persistent adversity.

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Reducing the Taxes

SIX months ago Secretary Mellon sent the Ways and Means Committee a letter setting forth a comprehensive plan for tax reduction. This was to save the taxpayers $323,000,000. Congress has now passed a bill reducing those taxes $391,000,000. Opinion concerning the bill differs widely. The president of the American Bankers' League wants the President to veto the measure. The Secretary of the Treasury is disgusted with it and thinks it might as well go into the wastebasket. But the great mass of people are for the bill and will be pleased to see the President sign it without delay. They do not trust Congress with a surplus; and for this reason alone they will welcome a reduction of revenues. To them a decrease in taxes collected from the people means a reduction in governmental expenditures.

In this the public is mistaken. The reduction in taxes will mean no decline in the expenditures made for the operation of government. It will mean a decline only in the rate at which we are paying off the public debt. The careless way in which the figures concerning revenues, expenses, and surpluses, have been given out has kept the public thoroughly in the dark on this point. For more than a year now we have been reducing the outstanding debt of the United States at the rate of better than $1,000,000,000 per annum. The sinking fund requirements call for a reduction of only a little over $500,000,000. We have been paying $530,000,000 a year more than was required by the sinking fund law.

As a result of the bonus legislation and the tax reduction we will pay nothing more than the sinking fund requirements of a little over half a billion dollars. The tax-payer will keep $391,000,000 which he would otherwise have paid, and the bonus will absorb the rest of the money which has hitherto been applied to the payment of debt. The government has been collecting money from the tax-payer and turning it over to the bondholders, thus reducing the interest charges for the future. Hereafter it will leave more money in the hands of the taxpayers and will turn a substantial amount over to the beneficiaries of the bonus. No benefit accrues to the people as a whole from this act of tax reduction. They have a little more money left in their pockets, but their debts are not being paid.

The bill is a typical compromise measure. Its most admirable features have to do with the improvement of the administrative machinery for collecting taxes. It is a pity that Congress did not adopt Secretary Mellon's excellent recommendations on that score, in toto. What they have enacted into law falls far short of what he suggested. Altogether inexcusable is the refusal of Congress to limit the deductions from gross income for interest paid to the amount by which such interest exceeds the tax-exempt income of the tax-payer. A man may still borrow $30,000,000, as did William Rockefeller, and deduct the interest thereon from his taxable income, despite the fact that he is carrying $44,000,000 of tax-exempt bonds, the income from which he excludes entirely in making his return.

In its revision of personal income taxes the bill is created in the image of the Mellon plan, although somewhat differently proportioned at the two extremities. It reduces the sur-taxes on large incomes from a maximum of fifty percent to forty percent. Indeed, for the taxes paid in 1924 on income received in the year 1923 it reduces them to thirty-seven and a half percent by a general provision for a flat reduction of one-fourth. When we consider that the maximum rate was sixty-five percent on the income of 1921, it is apparent that this is a liberal reduction. It gives notice to the public of an intention to eliminate confiscatory rates; just as the administrative improvements of the bill constitute a warning that the rates which are imposed will be enforced in the future. In view of the fact that the maximum sur-tax rate of fifty percent had been in effect only one year, and that the Treasury itself did not know how the reduction of the maximum rate from sixty-five to fifty percent had affected the number of returns filed for incomes in the higher classes, it is not surprising that Congress hesitated over cutting the maximum rate in two, as the Treasury wished them to do.

The treatment of the normal tax was entirely in accord with the Treasury's example and reasoning. It had been suggested that the rate be reduced from four percent to three and from eight percent to six. Instead of this, Congress reduced it from four percent to two, and from eight percent to four and six.

These reductions are excessive. It is absurd to argue that the old rates were so oppressive that it was better to make these reductions than to collect the revenues and apply them to debt payment. In a country where no more than 5,500,000 people have ever paid income taxes in any one year; and where 15,000,000 people drive automobiles, it is farcical to talk about the necessity of reducing the tax burden by lowering a normal tax of four percent and eight percent. The expense of operating the automobiles of the country for the year 1924 will approximate $5,000,000,000; the personal income taxes paid under the rates prevailing in the old law were about $1,000,000,000. Congress has reduced these by one-fourth in the hope that this action will make an effective political appeal. These same income-tax payers and their friends will, during the year 1924, pay over $2,000,000,000 in premiums to the old-line life insurance companies.

The reductions in the various excise taxes are all commendable. It would have been better had Congress made its tax reduction entirely in that quarter, and confined its activities in the income-tax area to improving administrative provisions. The increase

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of the estate taxes leaves more room for differences of opinion. Inheritance taxes are an important source of state revenue, and there are valid grounds for the view that this source ought to be left to the states. There is already a great confusion arising out of the conflicting state inheritance tax laws, and increasing the federal rates increases the confusion.

One of the weaknesses of the bill is that it leaves the corporation tax entirely untouched. It has done nothing to relieve those industries and those establishments which are making only small profits, and to impose the tax burden upon those which are making twenty, thirty, and forty percent. The country needs a campaign of education on the subject of differential incomes and profits. Our experience with the excess profits tax gave us the data needed for the construction of a tax which would yield adequate revenue without exercising any repressive effect upon industry. The assumption of a normal average rate of profit is unwarranted by the facts. Our tax system must be adjusted to the new facts which have come to light. But before that can be done much new information concerning profits must be carried to the people.

President Coolidge is almost certain to approve this bill. Its weaknesses are not of the simple striking sort which will make good political capital. The Democrats have outdone the Republicans in their desire to "relieve the people of burdensome taxes." It will never do to put them in a position to say that the President prevented such relief. But the first session of the newly-elected Congress will again have this problem of tax revision on its hands. By that time we shall have better facts, and more facts, concerning the effect of tax rates upon the number of large incomes reported, upon individual initiative, and upon capital accumulation. We will certainly consider much more seriously the reduction of customs and of excise taxes. And we shall subject the theory of ability to pay to a new analysis in the light of the new facts which are coming to hand.

Secretary Mellon's plan has been beaten, but by no means so thoroughly as either his supporters or his opponents would have us believe. He made a poor showing in the matter of statistical support for his arguments. He put forth the most naive theory of the relation of taxes to prices—a theory old and long ago disproved. He made himself laughable by giving out statements one week as to the oppressive effects of present taxes upon business; and asserting the next week that business was on a sound basis, and that production and employment were satisfactory. But he has initiated a discussion in American political life which will be prolonged, and which will finally bring about a tax system more scientific than any which the country has yet had. The outcome will not be what he recommended. But his service in initiating the movement will be none the less marked.

Government as Common Plunder

FOR months and years the Hearst cartoonists have made capital out of the contrast between the popularity of the service men at the time when they were sailing for France and the general coldness with which their demands for a bonus have been received and grudgingly granted. Then the well-fed business men leaned dangerously from club windows and cheered themselves red in the face as the regiments marched by on their way to the ships. Now they fall into a red fury whenever they think of the bonus and the taxes they will have to pay to meet its charges. All America in 1917 promised the service men the whole earth. Today a large part of America is rather sore because the service men have collected from the government what is, in view of our colossal resources, only a comfortable tip.

There is point to the contrast. The change in public feeling toward the men who fought for us or were ready to fight for us in the World War, is striking and humiliating. Either we were childishly over-enthusiastic then, or we are disgracefully ungrateful now. But there is another pertinent contrast that may be drawn. Remember the fine spirit of the service men themselves as they marched past the cheering crowds. They were prepared to give their lives and all that life meant for their country. What is their country to them now? A source of common plunder. It was not the maimed, the enfeebled and handicapped who forced the passage of the bonus act. These are cared for—too parsimoniously in many instances—by other laws. The demand for a bonus came from the able-bodied, the vast majority of whom encountered no dangers except those of the training camps. It would be a difficult feat for most of them to show plausibly that they are worse off today in any respect because they wore the uniform for a time. But they command an immense number of votes and can make themselves a political menace to any party. On the strength of this potential menace they presented their claims, and have finally won.

Many of our readers will scan the foregoing statement with great indignation. Its fidelity to the truth, however, will hardly be denied. It is more admirable to offer your all on the altar of your country than to organize for the purpose of collecting money from your country in lieu of gratitude. It is plain even to children that the bonus was granted, not by the spontaneous desire of the whole people, but out of respect for the veteran vote. Where our account of the matter is unfair, we think it will be agreed, is in our treatment of the veterans as an isolated class. They are in fact following time-honored American precedents.

Except in times of extreme emotional stress our federal government has always been regarded by

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large sections of the people as an instrument of private enrichment, rather than an organ for advancing the common good. Through the first century of its history it had a public domain of immense potential value to divide among the people. In consequence it was perennially the object of raids by those who desired cheap lands, or those who, having secured cheap lands, desired to escape the necessity of paying for them. There was never any scruple on the part of the frontiersman against beating the government. In this respect no distinction can be drawn between the man of modest means and the rich exploiter of natural resources. The former entered a homestead which he had no intention of transforming into a permanent home, and regarded his contract as adequately fulfilled if he met the residence requirements technically until he could "prove up" and speculate on increase in value. The rich exploiter planted his retainers to secure vast tracts of pasture, timber or mineral land, or in the land grant days, ran lines of railroads as a real estate speculation. All these evasions were public and notorious. Yet they never aroused significant local protest. Anyone who wishes to look closely into our ventures in the reclamation of arid lands will discover that this spirit is far from extinguished. The representatives of the several states affected are expected to take a strictly particularistic position and fight vigorously for a maximum share for their states in new reclamation projects. The private owners of lands included in a project scheme to draw to themselves as much of the benefit as possible. The settlers on irrigated lands strive incessantly to postpone payment for their water rights and if possible to escape such payment altogether. The Fall-Doheny raid on the naval oil reserves is merely one out of innumerable raids, big and little, that have been planned and executed ever since we had a public domain to be looted.

Now that most of our public domain has been dissipated, may we expect a weakening of the hungry interests that converge on Washington? There are still innumerable ways in which the federal government may be used for private enrichment. Muscle Shoals and the super power project come first to mind. We have not yet forgotten the orgy of profiteering in war contracts, which more than anything else excuses the demand of the veterans for a bonus. But taking our history all through, the favorite method of using the government for private gain has been the tariff. We have permitted our manufacturing industries to fix the conditions under which they would compete with the world in our domestic markets. We are still permitting this and deluding ourselves with the belief that the high prices they are enabled to charge are somehow a public benefit.

Everybody tries to use the federal government for his private gain. The World War veterans, like the veterans of all our earlier wars, have done the same thing. It would be foolish to censure them particularly for what is a general national vice.

It would, however, be more foolish to overlook, or to regard with complacency, the wide ramifications of this national vice. We face a future in which the American nation will have to strain every effort if it is to attain to a place of leadership in civilization, or even to hold the place to which it has already attained. Shall we succeed if our federal government continues to be regarded primarily as an instrument for satisfying private greed?

In the early years of the Republic our national politics was charged with a mission. It was to maintain and consolidate republican institutions in a world in which such institutions were regarded as a wild experiment. In the middle of the last century also national politics had a mission. It was to rid the nation of the incubus of slavery while preserving the union. In both periods genuine statecraft struggled to the surface through the choking slime of private interests. In both periods we produced political leaders who were men of mark.

Has our national politics any mission today? Roosevelt pointed out one: Social Justice. Wilson pointed out another: International Peace. These missions were espoused with warm enthusiasm by millions of Americans. To extirpate poverty, ignorance and incompetence within our borders and to throw the weight of the United States on the side of international understanding and peace were ends worth the enthusiasm of a nation. But the enthusiasm cooled. Our national politics has settled back to a petty game of private interests played dispiritedly by mediocre men.

Only the unpractical idealist can expect national politics to be wholly freed from the necessity of compromising with private interest. The money changers were driven out of the Temple once, but that was a miracle, and miracles have no place in rational expectations. But sordid interests can be put in their place as minor influences, when once again we gain another clear vision of a national mission, and generate once more Roosevelts and Wilsons, instead of Coolidges and the herd of Democratic dark horses whinnying disconsolately in the fog of political doubt.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1924, IN THE U. S., BY REPUBLIC PUBLISHING CO., INC., 421 W. 21ST ST., NEW YORK.

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The Dilemma of the Democrats

WITHIN a few days the Republican national convention will do a strange thing. It will nominate, virtually by unanimous vote and with outward and visible signs of enthusiasm, Calvin Coolidge for President of the United States.

That Calvin Coolidge will be the same Calvin Coolidge, who, as President for nearly a year, has endured one stinging slap in the face after another from members of his own party in Congress. More, the members of his own party in Congress, and the leaders of his own party in Congress, who have participated repeatedly in administering these slaps in the face, will be the chief figures in the convention that will make the virtually unanimous nomination, to the blare of party trumpets.

Thus, we are assured one novel and utterly illogical major event in the great national undertaking of choosing a President. And when attention is shifted to the Democratic national convention, soon to follow, the possibility of some denouement equally novel and illogical stands out like a sore thumb. The Democratic party has achieved a really astonishing degree of coherence and purpose. Traditionally a mass of incongruous and discordant elements, it was reasonable to suppose that when Wilson's grasp relaxed the party would revert to type. For some months following Wilson's break-down and the defeat of 1920 it seemed that the expected was happening. But party effectiveness began to reappear in the middle of Harding's administration and in the last few months it has been marked in Congress. It is a capable progressive party, using the term "progressive" in the sense in which it is commonly used in political parlance. But will it nominate a man who embodies its sense and will? The chances are distinctly against that.

The bottom trouble of the Democrats is the employment of McAdoo by Doheny and some other big interests that are regarded with suspicion. That was held months ago to make McAdoo unavailable, and despite his wonderful and growing political vitality, which has proved stronger and stronger in recent tests, it is still held by competent politicians to make him unavailable, and perhaps they are right. But for that fact Mr. McAdoo would be as logically the candidate of his party as any candidate in years. He would have been so logically the candidate of the party that it might have been argued that his nomination was inevitable; that two-thirds rule or no two-thirds rule, no combination of bosses could have prevailed against him. All that is necessary to measure accurately the momentum he would have had by this time, but for the Doheny disclosures, is to measure the momentum that he actually has had, despite those disclosures which would have ruined and put on the shelf any ordinary presidential candidate.

McAdoo has typified, as no other Democrat has remotely done, the spirit that is in the ascendency in the Democratic party. That must be realized to understand the strength he has demonstrated before and after the Doheny revelations. It is not enough to say that he had the old Wilson federal employes; that he had in Georgia and Texas and maybe elsewhere the Ku Klux Klan; that in some other place he had the railroad men; and all that sort of thing. Candidates for President do not show uniform strength in nearly every part of the country by grabbing some artificial, mechanistic instrument here and another there.

The fact is, of course, that the mass spirit of the Democratic party, as revealed in Congress where the Democrats think of what will be popular with the mass, is given almost perfect expression in McAdoo. That spirit—call it "progressivism" as its champions do and as is generally done in political discussion, or call it "unsoundness" as the representative business men of the Atlantic seaboard do—resolves doubts in favor of those at the bottom and against those on the top; it resolves doubts in favor of those getting the worst of the existing order and against those doing very well in the existing order; it resolves doubts in favor of the little fellow and against the big fellow. If any chances are to be taken, in treating a given situation, the benefit is given the underdog. That is McAdoo and that is the Democratic members of Congress—thinking all the time of the mass sentiment at home—when the Mellon tax plan is up, when the bonus is up, when the tariff is up, when the management of the Federal Reserve system is up, when agricultural relief is up, when railroad labor and railroads in general are up, when any economic question, sufficiently important to start a fight, is up.

Very well! There is McAdoo, the perfect fitting candidate of the Democratic party that stands, more or less intelligently and more or less sincerely, as to some of its congressional leaders, for the underdog little fellow—a Democratic party, by the way, whose Tammany members, and Massachusetts Irish members, no less than its southern and western members, fought the Mellon tax plan in the name of the man of small means. There is McAdoo, a candidate ready at hand, by record, by temperament, and by deliberate declaration! And he cannot be nominated, so nine out of ten political experts say, because he took a fee from Doheny, who is suspect and damns any candidate for high office, whether or not the candidate's connection with him was ethical. What is to be done? The answer is simple. If and when the elements that demand McAdoo find that

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they cannot nominate him, let them turn their strength to the man most like him.

As I say, that answer is simple, but it is never simple to execute such an answer. And this time, there is not only the difficulty of executing that manoeuvre; there is the blank wall fact that there is no man at all like McAdoo. Plenty there are who hold similar views, but that does not make them like him. Say "McAdoo!" and an image rises in the mind of every literate man. Underdog and upperdog each sees an eye with fire in it; each sees a jutting nose and daring chin; each recalls, the one with hope and the other with fear, a record for "bustin' through" and doing things. But say the name of any other Democratic leader holding similar views, and no image rises; only a blur. There is no second-choice and no third-choice McAdoo.

What next? If the economic sentiment that prevails in the mass of Democratic voters were to have logical and untrammeled expression, undoubtedly Al Smith would be the next choice. Not that anybody can identify him with settled theories as to economic issues in the way that McAdoo is identified by friend and foe. Perhaps there are people in New York who know what Al Smith thinks about the Mellon plan, or the federal bonus, or the Fordney-McCumber tariff, or the management of the Federal Reserve system, or the agrarian questions, or the whole of the railroad issue. But I at least have never met any man, for or against Al Smith, who has more than the faintest idea of his thought on the economic questions that engage national attention. Nobody, for or against Smith, seems to think that important. People are for or against him because he is a Catholic, or because he is wet, or because he is a common man who has struggled to the top. Nevertheless, there seems to be in the back of every head an unconscious appraisal of Al Smith as a man willing to take a chance for the underdog.

It is undoubtedly a second appraisal, and undoubtedly if Smith were forced to think about national questions he would be found in the same camp with McAdoo oftener than not. If his acts as Governor are examined for the key to his viewpoint, it soon is seen that "as is" conservatism has no sway over his mind. In New York, he has been willing to try public ownership where he thought it looked workable; he has been willing to go far along the path of paternalism where it seemed necessary.

But there is no evidence whatever that when the convention meets the delegates will do other than consider, with respect to Smith, what everybody has been considering since he first was seriously offered as a candidate—that is, whether it is wise to nominate a wet Catholic, and take a chance that the solid South, dry and ardently Protestant, will remain solid while Smith gathers the votes of the North and East, and a state here and there in the Middle West. So far as appears, nobody except the most fanatical of the Smith men believes there is any real chance the issue will be resolved in Smith's favor.

Who after Smith? Underwood, the third of the conspicuous active candidates? It is impossible to conceive a more unnatural nomination. Senator Underwood, a sincere, candid, courageous man, universally respected, is absolutely out of touch with prevailing Democratic thought. It was proved when he was the Democratic leader in the Senate, and as such was constantly back to back with his supposed followers. It was proved when he submitted his candidacy for the nomination to the people this spring. No man of similar record, stature and backing ever evoked less popular response.

We are left with the obvious probability, frequently forecast in the newspapers, that a dark horse will be chosen, that is, an unknown horse. There are two ways that a dark horse can be chosen. One way is in a conference between McAdoo and Smith, the two really strong candidates. If, about Friday of the convention week, while their followers are hot for them and in their control, they face the improbability of either being nominated, and conclude to use their influence in making a deliberate selection for the good of the party, they will be likely to exert enough influence to nominate their man. The other way is through last-hour, more or less haphazard combinations, after McAdoo and Smith are exhausted and the delegates are on the way to a stampede. Either way, the choice will be not only a dark horse, but a man out of touch with the thought in the party that has made McAdoo run away with the field in the primary races, or a man so neutral as to be neither in nor out of touch with that thought or a man in touch with it without anybody but himself knowing anything about the contact.

There is Davis. He is the first of the dark horses. In a sense, he is the darkest of the dark horses. For while he has become a contemporary legend of greatness, neither the party nor the country has the least understanding of his position on outstanding domestic questions. He has said nothing, great or insignificant. He has said less than anybody mentioned—except perhaps Al Smith. All that anybody knows about his views is had by reasoning from the fact that the most ardent Davis men are on friendly terms with the most ardent Underwood men; and the conclusion of that reasoning is that the nomination of Davis by a convention in which Democratic congressional leaders were dominant would be as illogical as the nomination of Coolidge will be.

There is Ralston, a tolerant conservative, enough of a party man to go along in the Senate, but enough of a conservative to lead his party somewhat differently had he the power. There is Silzer, somewhat like Smith, but educated in the law in a conservative state. There is Ritchie, a younger, more active and abler Ralston. From that stage, the trail leads into 1000 to 1 shots.

If not McAdoo, fee from Doheny or no fee from Doheny, what prospect is there of escape from two major novelties and illogicalities in this campaign?

JOHN W. OWENS.

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Fall River: A Dying Industry

FOR more than a century any mention of the city of Fall River, Massachusetts, has almost invariably called to mind but one thing —the cotton industry. Throughout the nineteenth century that New England community grew with such rapidity that shortly after the Civil War she had attained such perfection in her chosen field that she was known as "the Manchester of America," and "Queen City of the Cotton Industry in the United States."

Her scores of mills gave employment to more than half a hundred thousand people, and more than double that number of individuals looked to her busy spindles and looms for their daily bread. Her mills poured millions of dollars into the pockets of families connected with the industry. They produced over 2000 miles of cotton cloth every day, and they brought from Europe and Canada many thousands of immigrants seeking opportunity and treasure on the golden shore of the Western Hemisphere.

But having risen to such dizzying heights in the nineteenth century, she was, during the twentieth, to fathom depths of depression such as she had never known. Today Fall River is a city of misery, want, unemployment, hunger and hopelessness. The cloud that shadows her seems to have no silver lining, and she lies almost dormant, while stark want stalks her streets and her workers wonder what the end is to be, hanging on desperately—God knows how—waiting for they know not what.

There are 111 mills in Fall River. Not a dozen of them are running full time. Of the 131,000 persons living in that city about 100,000 are dependent for a living upon wages paid by the mills. It is impossible to determine exactly how many are out of work there. Some mills are managing to use their employes a few days a month, others, a day now and then. Certain it is, however, that very recently, when one mill opened to make yarns for automobile tires, the crowd outside its gates, seeking employment, became so turbulent in voicing its demand that it was necessary to call out the police reserves to control the situation.

Estimates upon the number of unemployed which are given the visitor vary from 30,000 to 70,000, depending upon the source of the information. But whatever the true figures are the fact remains that Fall River has, in 1924, appropriated $243,000 for the relief of the needy within her gates, which is in addition to a surplus of $16,000 carried over from last year's appropriation. And though many additional thousands will be spent by individuals and private charitable organizations, the mayor of the city within the past two weeks has asked the Massachusetts Legislature for authority to borrow $500,000 above the city's debt limit to care for the needy unemployed, who, according to the mill owners, cannot expect much improvement in the situation until after the next cotton crop is harvested. So Fall River expects to spend more than three-quarters of a million dollars of the tax payers' money for the relief of its poor this year: while the city of Providence, Rhode Island, with double that population, has appropriated but $63,000 for the care of its needy ones.

It is exceedingly difficult just now to procure definite data upon labor conditions in Fall River. Everything is controlled by the mills, and at present, mill executives have nothing to say. Evidence of unemployment, of the discontent born of idleness and consequent want, of the gloom that hangs like a pall over the city, is everywhere. Fall River is today all but hopeless. It is a city of grim and silent mill executives, of lounging men and unoccupied girls aimlessly walking the streets. It is obviously, to the visitor, a city of discouraged merchants whose business is at a comparative standstill, and who are so burdened with unpaid accounts that they have, in most cases, been forced to stop giving credit to unemployed mill workers.

But if a visitor attempts stating his observations to inhabitants of Fall River, he will be met with vehement denials from many of them. Certain Fall River people deny, even to themselves, the existence of this obvious state of affairs. They will believe only what they wish to believe. But despite their denials and their wilfully blinded eyes, on the street corners stand knots of unemployed, silhouetted against the silent mills towering behind closed gates. There are the pale and ragged children who toddle listlessly about the tenement districts, and there are haggard women who wait anxiously for the bounty of the city—of the Community Welfare Association—the Society of St. Vincent de Paul—the Deaconess' Aid Society—the Union Hospital, or other private agencies. If one talks with the small storekeepers, the peddlers, the coal men, the landlords, the workers among the poor, and the loungers on the streets, no further argument will be required to convince one of just what the true condition in Fall River is today. A volume could be written on its causes. One may be told that the reasons for industrial depression, like the reasons for war, are deep-rooted and hidden and hard to trace—or that present conditions are the result of a conglomeration of mill policy, union policy, political policy, southern competition, legislative restriction, and are involved in economic trends hardly subject to human control.

Perhaps they are. But one Fall River clergyman recently came very close to the true explanation when he stated publicly that the present misery is a direct consequence of the greed of Fall River mill

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owners during times of prosperity—times when they took everything out of the mills and put little or nothing back into them, so that many of them today "are living skeletons, stripped to the bone and sinew and sucked of their blood by greedy stockholders." This clergyman, truly an heroic figure in Fall River, has dared to fling the truths that are evident to any one who seeks real causes, in the teeth of the all-powerful mill interests. He has commented bitterly on the custom of the old mill-owning families whose policy has been to pass down from generation to generation the management of the mills, with seldom an infusion of new blood or modern methods. This custom is called nepotism.

In the past, the mill owners of Fall River have closed their doors to skilled labor. Henry Ford wanted to build an assembling plant there. The mill owners were unwilling to compete in the open labor market with skilled or high-paid industry. Ford, and many others that could be named, were deliberately kept out. For the past thirty years there have been far-visioned men who were as voices crying in the wilderness, prophesying that one day southern competition, under efficient management, would strangle the cotton industry in New England. While New England mills were paying dividends, most northern mill executives scoffed at these men. Now that what they foretold has come to pass, the mill executives say nothing.

The cotton industry in Fall River was built on the manufacture of plain cotton cloth. Without southern competition in this field, it was supreme. Now it is not. The South can make cotton cloth cheaper, and is doing so. Buyers have a habit of buying goods where they can get them cheapest. Because Fall River had always made money on plain cotton cloth, she failed to see why she should change her ways. So she did not reëquip her mills for the manufacture of fine or fancy goods. Instead, she took the money out of the mills as fast as they earned it. Today, the plain cotton cloth mills in Fall River are idle. In the South they are running. Some few mills in New England that are equipped to make "fancies" are running on full time, or nearly so, and some of them are running night and day. These mills are mainly in New Bedford, Massachusetts, and in Rhode Island. It will cost a great deal to equip the Fall River mills with modern machinery, and the mill owners won't spend the money. There are mills in Fall River today that are equipped with the same machinery they operated fifty years ago. And these are the hulks that seek to compete with the modern, electrically-driven mills of the South. It simply cannot be done.

The Fall River worker can find no hope for his future in the South. In the first place the New England mill hands are largely of foreign origin. In Fall River they are mostly Portuguese and French-Canadian. They are unionized, though the workers in that city since the long strike of 1904, shudder at the thought of another one, and even yet are completely subdued. The South welcomes northern capital, but will have none of foreigners or unionized laborers.

And yet again: Since the beginning of Fall River's present depression, which began before last Christmas, mills in Pennsylvania and other states have sought workers with families to work in their mills. But the mill-controlled press in Fall River absolutely refuses to accept advertising offering employment outside of Fall River to cotton mill workers. The writer of this article offered to pay cash for an advertisement seeking spinners and weavers for mills in Reading, Pennsylvania. He was informed by the Fall River Herald and the Fall River Globe, the two leading newspapers of the city, that it was against their policy, and had been for years, to accept such advertisements. So, even though Fall River mills have no work to offer these suffering thousands, help is refused them to go elsewhere.

"We live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish with the cotton cloth industry," said the clergyman quoted above. "But since, then, we are destined to live on cotton, by the will of others, it is the merest common sense for the mill men to modernize, renovate and reëquip the mills. . . . Many mills in this city made great fortunes during the war—all made money—but instead of investing some of the profits in new machinery, or conversion to other lines, they have flung their treasures into the greedy arms of clamoring stockholders. The war is over and done. All they now have are empty treasuries and worn out machinery. . . There was never a place where nepotism was a greater evil than it has been in the Fall River mills. Ability counted for nothing. But the son, or nephew, or father-in-law of So-and-So, was always just the man to be a mill agent, or treasurer or superintendent. It might be said that this was a matter of personal concern to the mill owner alone. It is, ordinarily, but when such stupid management drags down thousands of operatives and their wives and little children, it is a matter of much wider concern."

The writer has no desire to cloak the identity of this clergyman in anonymity. He is probably the only clergyman in Fall River who dares to voice these truths publicly, and the reason is plain. He is not responsible to the mill owners for support. He is the head of the Catholic Church in Fall River, and Fall River is eighty-five percent Catholic. His name is the Right Reverend Monsignor James E. Cassidy, D. D., and he is Vicar-General of the Diocese.

Members of mill-owning families declare that they, too, are feeling the pinch. Recently one mill executive, who has been a mill man for fifty years, declared to the writer, on the promise that his name would not be used, that in his experience "we have never had before such a serious period of depression, and the outlook for the future has never been blacker."

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The American Printing Company has seven cotton mills and two printing plants. The seven cotton mills have stood silent for months. The printing plants have been running more or less regularly, printing cotton cloth, manufactured in the South, bought there, and shipped North for less money than the American Printing Company can manufacture it in their own mills. Yet many people in Fall River say there is nothing to southern competition. Another cry that is raised by the Fall River manufacturers is that Massachusetts is legislating industry out of that state. They point to the forty-eight-hour law in force there, comparing it to the more liberal laws of the South, which will permit mills to run 105 hours a week, under two shifts if necessary.

"Give us fifty-four hours and we'll fight the world," they cry. But whether they could do it with their present equipment is another question.

Be that as it may, if anyone has any doubt as to the existing conditions among the workers of Fall River, let him spend a few days amid the squalor of the mill districts. Let him go the rounds with the workers of the social service department of the Union Hospital. Let him see for himself the families of twelve and fifteen persons, who somehow keep body and soul together on the six or seven dollars' worth of groceries they receive each week from the city or from charitable organizations. Let him see the under-nourished children—poor little devils with rickets and anæmia and various other diseases. Let him "pick up" the unemployed girls on the streets—girls who will sell their souls and bodies for a square meal. Let him visit the kitchen bar rooms run by men driven to lawlessness by their inability to earn an honest living, and let him drink the concoctions sold there, which in some cases, at least, are made from distilled garbage. The facts and figures are available. They can be had for a little time and work, and there is no closing one's eyes to them if one is sincere.

And the answer? The South passed the North in the matter of raw cotton consumption in 1905. The former has been growing rapidly ever since. The North has been decreasing in this field with equal rapidity. New England is no longer the centre of the cotton manufacturing industry in North America. She can continue to survive if she modernizes her mills—perhaps. If she does not, there is no conclusion to be reached but that it is the beginning of the end. What the ultimate end is to be for the poor unfortunate mill workers in Fall River, is a chapter that fate has not yet written.

WILLIAM ROBINSON.

The Era of Good Fellows

The Fifth Installment in the Story of "the Ohio Gang"

WHAT the Ohio gang did in Washington, once it got there, is a story which requires, to do it justice in all its details, the pen of Carlyle, a century's perspective, and a space of two hundred thousand words or so. I cannot attempt, of course, so much as a complete summary within the limits of a single magazine article.

Let me add at once that it is not part of my purpose to offer even in this condensed form new and startling revelations of misdeeds. The wiseacres of Washington will find nothing here which is not already known to them. I am not writing to startle the wiseacres. I am merely seeking to point out for persons who may not have thought of it, the connection which exists between various sets of facts already quite well known. The record which is printed large upon the pages of the daily press contains all the "raw material" anyone needs for such a purpose.

The Harding régime, as I have already suggested, was in its most important aspect an Era of Good Fellows. Its whole spiritual atmosphere was one of gum shoes and whispering; of night-blooming gentlemen who were perpetually "seeing" Jim or Joe or Jack and "fixing things up;" perpetually conferring in hotel rooms, with bell boys coming in relays to locked doors with cigars and cracked ice. It was an era of that species of currency so wholly mythical to common folk, the Thousand Dollar Bill; in fact, of Thousand Dollar Bills in quantities, stored in money belts. It was an era of incessant telegrams in code, an era of regiments of key-hole listeners, letter thieves, wire tappers, an era of spies themselves spied upon, of double-crossers double-crossed.

I do not know how to convey the quality of this era better than to paint a thumb nail portrait of its characteristic individual. All the participants bore a marked family resemblance to one another, and this is as true of honest dupe as it is of wily crook. All of them were more or less rotund persons who knew how to live well and insisted upon doing so. They were all "good mixers," skilled in that type of conversation which consists almost entirely in telling stories, usually improper ones. Nine out of ten of them were heavy drinkers; and the tenth was likely to exhibit his abstention with morbid pride as though it were some amazing physical deformity.

They belonged to that huge class whose idea of a newspaper is a sensational evening sheet like those of Mr. Hearst; whose idea of the theatre is musical comedy; whose idea of a book, when any, is a detective story by "some fellah." You can find their

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like, in shoals, sitting in the cheaper seats at the race track; you used to be able to find them before dinner, at the cocktail hour, in middle-grade saloons.

With this sort of atmosphere in mind, let us recall briefly some of the specific activities. First, chronologically if not otherwise, there is Fall, Fall with his drooping mustaches of a western sheriff, and his early reputation as a handy man with a gun, Fall who quietly, systematically, gives away to his friends the most precious of all our natural resources; and does so, it is worth remembering, with the official "endorsement and approval" at nearly every step of Friend Warren in the White House.

And while Fall is at it, Forbes is at it, in the Veterans' Bureau; scattering the government's money like confetti, and continuing to do so for long months after his utter and disgraceful incompetency had become notorious — months during which Friend Warren gave Friend Charlie the "one more chance" so richly undeserved.

And while they are at it, Jesse Smith and Howard Manington are at it, in the Department of Justice. Smith, the dry-goods merchant from Washington Court House, is Daugherty's closest companion, "second in command," with access to all Departmental files, and with a habit of having his "suggestions" carried out as though they were those of the Attorney-General himself. Manington, whom we saw first as the poor orphan from the Soldiers' Home at Xenia, has climbed far upon the sordid ladder of Ohio political preferment. He has been a sort of super-valet during the front-porch campaign at Marion; and now you see him reaping his reward, ensconced in the little green house on K Street, where low-voiced, soft-hatted men come and go at all hours of the day or night, where deals are made, protection promised, influence arranged while liquor comes —but does not go—in suitcases and thousand-dollar bills both come and go . . . in money-belts, of course.

While these conspicuous figures are busily engaged in plying their trade, more or less similar activities on a smaller scale are going on in a score of departments. Not all of these are of criminal character by any means; some of them, such as the lining of the Treasury Department with Republican job-seekers, while completely against sound public policy, is neither illegal nor without precedent. Many of these details have not yet been aired; but the evidence already in hand shows that when this is done there will be much unpleasant reading for those citizens who are concerned about the welfare of our national government.

There is, for example, the federal prohibition enforcement unit, which has so disastrously been made the football of politics, in which the bribery of those charged with maintenance of the law is so nearly universal that it is regarded virtually as the standard of practice. There is the income tax division, where men receiving two or three thousand dollars a year have been required to pass upon the collection or remission of corporation and individual taxes aggregating hundreds of millions of dollars, the result of which has been the normal percentage of corruption to be expected under the circumstances. There is the condition of destroyed morale which was described a few days ago by George H. Carter, Public Printer, as existing in the Government Printing Office, where bootlegging and racetrack gambling were the major activities of many employes and a secret society of the older workers exercised a hidden but complete control over every man and woman in the Department, from its chief down. (This condition, is is only fair to state, appears to have existed before President Harding took office.)

As a constant corollary to all this you have the elaborate machinery of espionage built up within the Department of Justice, and the atmosphere of distrust and secret terrorization to which it contributed. This again was not an invention of the Ohio gang, although they carried it further than anyone else. It got its initial great impetus with the war period and was used first by A. Mitchell Palmer, and afterward by Daugherty for various political purposes. Subsequently it was an important factor in the huge anti-labor campaign which was a chief policy of the Harding administration. It was rapidly extended until, as the whole world knows, it was employed against the members of Congress themselves, in the effort to terrorize and blackmail into silence those who might prove embarrassing to the members of the Daugherty clique.

To that end Congressmen were shadowed, in the hope that their activities might be a suitable basis for blackmail. Their offices were broken into, their telephone wires tapped. Everyone who has been in Washington in the past year knows how the very air has seemed poisoned by this morbid growth of espionage so strikingly like the activities of the Tsar's secret police in the old days in Russia. The organized attack on Senator Wheeler, wherein Department of Justice spies collaborated with a hireling of the Republican National Committee in the attempt to cook up a case against him and blackmail him into halting the Daugherty investigation, differed in degree but not in kind from the activities directed against many other men in public life.

In the first article of this series I expressed the belief that the activities of the Ohio gang were no accident; that they were the logical result of a given set of conditions. If I may step out of my role of reporter for a moment, I should like in conclusion to discuss those conditions in general terms. One of the most important I have already referred to: the fact that the Ohio gang for a whole generation formed part of a state political machine which was notably brazen even in an era of general corruption in municipal and state politics. In addition to this, however, there are important factors which have to do with Washington itself.

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First comes the undeniable truth that the war did great harm to the standards of public morality in the ranks of federal employes and among the business men who were in contact with them. A parallel might be made between this and the conditions which accompany every great disaster such as an earthquake or a fire. In these periods of stress a group of ghouls is almost invariably revealed, many of whom are probably themselves surprised to discover their own willingness to steal the rings from dead fingers and to loot the houses of the living. By no means in all but in many men the war produced a similar result. Officials with salaries of a few thousand a year were suddenly called upon to handle millions of dollars of government money, at a moment when confusion made detection of crime unlikely and when a seemingly inexhaustible flood of wealth was pouring into the nation's capital. A like process seems to have gone on in the minds of business men; while plenty of them were genuinely patriotic, many more were not. It is undoubtedly true that the morale of administration was greatly lowered in Washington during 1918-19; and that it has never been completely restored.

Second, we have the much-discussed tendency toward expansion of federal activities at the expense of the states. Whether this be ultimately wise or not, its first effect has been to create a volume of business for which the governmental organization is wholly inadequate, with results which threaten disaster. Bureaus designed to handle tens of thousands of dollars have grown with dizzying rapidity until they control hundreds of millions. Naturally, it is impossible for the head of a department under these circumstances to know all that is being done by subordinates; and it is even more impossible for an individual in any department to watch out for improper action in any other.

There is, third, a question at which I can only glance here: whether or not our moral fibre in general is suffering a universal deterioration due to the type of civilization under which we live, and its present drift. A well-known student of social questions, Professor G. T. W. Patrick, in his recent book, The Psychology of Social Reconstruction, says:

> There is a danger even greater than war which threatens our modern civilization and that is decadence —physical, mental and moral. There is evidence of all of these which no thoughtful man can ignore. There is danger that physical degeneracy will follow upon our sedentary manner of living, upon the increase of wealth, ease and luxury. There is danger that mental degeneracy will follow upon the reversal of the law of survival which in the past has eliminated the mentally unfit. There is danger of moral degeneracy in the period of readjustment from religious to purely ethical sanctions of conduct.

Generalization on this subject should of course proceed with the greatest caution. One ought not, for example, to discuss political corruption here without comparing it with similar corruption in western Europe. Nevertheless, there is, I believe, plenty of evidence to support the contention that through the accident of rapidly developing machine civilization accompanied by exploitation of the natural resources of a continent we have grown too rich too fast for our spiritual health.

When we come finally to the question of direct personal responsibility for conditions in Washington between 1921 and 1923, I cannot but feel that the heaviest burden must be placed upon the shoulders of the considerable body of sincere, personally upright leaders of the Republican party throughout the United States and particularly on those who were associated directly with the Harding régime.

After all, no one should have been surprised that Daugherty, Forbes and Fall acted as they did. The personal characters of these men, all their antecedents and associations were such as might logically be expected to result in the sort of actions which were produced. The guilt of the Republican leaders in general lies in the fact that, knowing the nation was certain to repudiate the preceding Democratic régime and therefore that they had the control of the country in their hands, they coldly and cynically decided to put the Ohio gang into power. A more complete betrayal of the public interest on behalf of sordid political expediency it would be hard to find.

A double burden lies on those who not only connived at this process but afterward played important parts in the Harding administration. Themselves men of unquestionable integrity and respectability they permitted themselves to be used as window-dressing. It is no answer to say that they were not aware of Fall's hundred thousand dollar satchel. They were completely aware, not being blind and deaf, of the type of men with whom they were forced into close association, and of the type of administration these men were creating. They kept still, of course, for a double reason: first, the desire so potent in every human being, to go on holding an important place; and second, the impulse to group loyalty which has caused so many men to lend the support of silence to an institution which they know to be unworthy.

This latter weakness, also, is not confined to Republicans. It is a universal failing; but one from which we nevertheless have a right to expect that the leaders of our democracy shall be free. The men who said and did nothing and thereby condoned scores of acts of which they would never themselves be guilty, acts performed by persons whom they would not dream of entertaining under their own roofs—they are the ones who, it seems to me, have most to answer for, when we come to strike a balance on the material harm done and on the impairment of faith in the democratic process because of the actions of the Ohio Gang.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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The Bran-pie and Eclecticism

IT is a constant source of satisfaction to the Philistines that fashions in taste—taste in art I mean—appear to change as capriciously as fashions in frocks. Of course they do not; or rather —since I am far from sure that the changes of dressmakers' fashions are as aimless as the gentlemen who pay the bills suppose—of course the changes in artistic taste are not capricious at all, but are determined rationally by the needs of artists and the spirit of the age. Equally false is the popular fancy that "anything may come into fashion one of these days." *Anything* may not: the choice of works that admit of resuscitation is strictly limited. Those only are eligible which have received a particular consecration: they must have been admitted to the bran-pie.

In this pie are the names only of those whom, vaguely enough, we call classics; they may be major classics or minor or minimus, but classics they all must be. All, that is to say, must be of those who have had a peculiar artistic experience and have created a form in which to express it. Unlike the popular favorites, these do not merely supply a want, but have qualities of their own: qualities which appeal not merely to an ephemeral but widespread mood of sentiment or curiosity, but to something rare and permanent. They appeal, in some way or other, to æsthetic sensibility; and to this they will appeal again. The age which produced and formed them vanished; but sooner or later they will be recognized by another which has need of their particular contribution, of their peculiar point of view. Sooner or later justice, as the biographers say, will be done; their works will be deliberately fished out of the pie (for the pie is not a lucky-bag from which one draws at haphazard) and sooner or later they will be brought into fashion.

The popular writers, or painters, or composers, the vast majority, who supply quite legitimately, and often ably and agreeably, a popular want, but lack those qualities which appeal to the essential and unchanging part of æsthetic sensibility, are out of it. No matter how great its contemporary vogue, their work, as art, dies with the society for which it was produced. Indeed it is not art, properly speaking—if it were it would live. At best it is artistic: but I say it dies "as art," because as archæological data some of it will survive in the erudition of scholars and kunstforchers. Before generalizing about the state of mind of the mid-seventeenth century, Professor Lanson or Professor Saintsbury will think it right to dip into the two most popular authors of that age—Mlle. Scudéry and Le Calprenède; nevertheless their writings, as literature, are as dead as those of Eugène Sue or Silas K. Hocking. They are dead; whereas La Princesse de Clèves, though it has been out of fashion and will be so again, is immortal. La Princesse is in the pie: sometimes she will lie hid, or half hidden, in the bran; but it will be open to any age with a taste for finesse in writing and sentiment, to pick her out and hold her up for admiration—indeed for adoration. Le Grand Cyrus is not so preserved; nor are the poems of Martin Tupper and Macpherson, and Mason and the Rev. William Bowles: they are not at the bottom of the pie, where lie at present, I understand, the novels of George Eliot and the poems of Alfred de Musset, but at the bottom of the sea. Rather they are sinking ever through a bottomless ocean of oblivion, on which swims bravely the pie-dish: fluctuat nec mergitur.

Who makes the pie? A few thousand people in each generation—the artists, the æsthetes, the highbrows, the intellectuals—call them by what bad name you will, I shall call them "the cultured." You will not suspect me of suggesting that culture makes no mistakes: of the handful of classics chosen by each generation one or two will be expelled ultimately, while a name or two may be added by succeeding generations. But note that the whole business is done by a few specially gifted and trained men and women. The public has no finger in this pie. The public is out of it because the public can no more judge of art than of the higher mathematics. If the great public—of which, when it comes to making a mathematical pie, I am one—believes that Newton and Einstein are amongst the masters of thought, that is not because the great public is in a position to test the validity of their conclusions, or even to follow the arguments by which they reach them. And the public believes Giotto to have been a great painter for precisely the same reason that it believes Newton to have been an eminent astronomer. It takes it from its betters.

Were that rare breed of sensitive and discriminating people which emerges from each generation to become extinct, there would be no one in the world to know that Giotto's frescoes at Padua were better than The Roll Call. Manifestly the public likes The Roll Call better than anything Giotto has to offer. Wherefore, did it rest with the public, Giotto would soon be as completely forgotten as Lady Butler will be. Culture both makes and maintains the pie. For though culture cannot make the public like, it can make the public respect. The man-in-the-street admires, not only the plays of Shakespeare, but the plays of Dryden which he never reads and never dreams of reading. He would be the first to assert—were he told of it—that All for Love must be greater than Charley's Aunt, or that a picture by Raphael was better than a picture by the Hon. John Collier. And, though it may happen, and sometimes does, that the cultivated elite and the general public agree in liking genuinely—

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and therefore for different reasons—a contemporary, though a popular favorite (Dickens is an obvious example) may get into the pie—it is never the public that puts him there.

Now the odd thing, at first sight, is that of the names which are in the pie, only those of a few giants are uninterruptedly kept on the top. The rest must be content to go in and out of fashion. Thus, in the eighteenth century, the names of many of the greatest fifteenth century painters were almost unknown; and the exquisite poetry of the Middle Ages was neglected till the beginning of the romantic revival, when it was the turn, for a while, of Pope and Dryden to be despised. The explanation is supposed to be that human beings have but two hands with which to dip; that human sensibility can react intensely and sincerely only to a certain quantity of art, and only to such as for one reason or another is congenial to it; that the attempt to enjoy everything ends in enjoying nothing; and that that way professorships of art and literature lie.

It is certain that most people do tend to appreciate, if not one kind of art only, at any rate only cognate manifestations. Voltaire, who could enjoy Racine and Virgil, got a nightmare from supping with Shakespeare, and romantic revellers in Shakespeare who adored Hugo maintained that they found no meat in Racine. Both were right, then? Certainly the case against eclecticism is plausible. To hold right opinions in art is useless: if you cannot react to a work you had better leave it alone. Here is God's plenty. What need has he who can appreciate Gothic architecture, Elizabethan poetry, and the romantic music of the nineteenth century to bother about the Augustans? Per contra, what need has anyone, blest with that sensibility which finds ecstasy in perfection—one therefore who can get to the heart of the Attic drama and the art of the grand siècle—what need has he of the romantics? The more genuinely one enjoys the delicacy of Jane Austen, the more genuinely will one detest the extravagance of Dostoievsky. The whole of art is too vast for any one mind to comprehend, and what cannot be comprehended had best be ignored. It is not ignored, however: your delight in what Shakespeare has, makes you intensely conscious of what Racine has not; and will make you furious with anyone who admires him for his economy. True enough; for if artistic achievement is so vast that no one sensibility can taste it all, the possibilities of art are too numerous for even the greatest native genius to exploit them all. No form, no class of forms, can comprehend the whole of æsthetic experience. Inevitably Shakespeare has his defects, and so has Racine; and the more passionately we love the qualities of one the more strongly we shall feel a want of them in the other.

The artists begin it; they set the fashion, drawing the names they want from the pie. Their choice is always intelligible. They want what will both nourish and defend them—masters whose achievement seems to justify their attempts. These they study and extol; but those others, the ones who attacked the problem from the other end, and seem therefore to have had, not a different, but a contradictory conception of art—they are the enemy, or rather the enemy's bludgeon. To be for them is to be against us. Is it wonderful, then, that Wordsworth, who knew so well what he was doing and believed in it so intensely, should have been so fiercely aware of the defects, and so blind to the merits, of Pope who was so manifestly doing something else?

Yet there is something to be said for eclecticism too. For, though no one can enjoy passionately all art, some can appreciate more than one kind; and it seems sensible to go on widening one's appreciation until unmistakably one is reducing its depth. Enough is as good as a feast; but it is a poor thing to starve on principle. It would be silly to deprive oneself of æsthetic pleasures out of deference to a theory; and that is, in fact, what most do who scrupulously follow the fashion. For artists in the throes of creation a certain narrowness of appreciation may be necessary. Creation is an act of faith; and perhaps they cannot risk weakening their convictions. But that is no reason why we, amateurs, should suffer the artists to cap us with their blinkers—the prejudices imposed by our own temperaments are obstructive enough. Also, it becomes us, I think, to remember that no one whose name is in the pie can be without merit, and that without attempting to force one's reactions it is possible to keep a civil tongue in one's head.

This is a palinode. Twenty years ago painters, followed by critics and amateurs—quorum pars minima fui—set up a cry for directness, design and significance. They dipped into the pie and brought up the Byzantine and Romanesque artists; they added the niggers. So far so good; a great deal of unjustly neglected art was brought into fashion and appreciated. But then, because we appreciated, as the last generation has not, austerity and abstract design, we would hear no good word for anything charming, untidy or humane. Down with the Greeks! Down with the Impressionists! Down with the Eighteenth Century! We could not admire Dante—not the interesting, anecdotic, raconteur of the Inferno but the abstract architect of the Paradiso—without decrying Milton—who was deemed "poetical." We could not give Defoe his due without dismissing Flaubert as "literary." Was it really necessary? Could we not have loved Cézanne so well if we had tried to understand Watteau more?

The question is of some immediate interest, because, if we were right then, we are wrong now. Eclecticism is coming into fashion—let no fanatic be unduly cast down, it will go out again. Cultivated taste is all for getting as big handfuls as it can, and for digging them from every corner of the dish. We are for a mixed diet; some go so far as to admit that what is their poison may be another's

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meat. A reason for this is, I suspect, that cultivated opinion is not much inclined to be intimidated by contemporary artists. We follow Stravinsky through his surprising evolutions and admire; but Stravinsky can no longer persuade us to despise Beethoven. We shall go on admiring Milton whether Mr. T. S. Eliot likes him or not; nor will the young poets' war on wit put us out of humor with M. Anatole France. Whether we lose something in intensity to compensate this gain in width I hardly know; what is more, I doubt whether we care. We mean to enjoy ourselves. Life is become too unsure for us to sacrifice any certain pleasure to potential good. We have sniffed winter in the air, and we mean to gather our roses. And, then, we have another motive to eclecticism: scepticism. Is it, after all, so very important to preserve a clean palate? Must we deny ourselves the delights of memoir-reading for fear of blunting our appetite for lyrics? Are there not other values in life? And is not fanaticism extremely ridiculous?

CLIVE BELL.

VERSE

Book Review

Finished and flawless,
Crisply designed,
Here is the aweless
Breath of the mind.
Light without glamour
Illumines this world;
Chisel and hammer
Shape all these curled
Odorless petals,
Keen, cutting fronds,
Into bright metals
Harder than bronze.
Thin as old glass
Still undemolished,
Even the grass
Is painted and polished,
Spun out and waved,
Carefully counted,
Lacquered, engraved,
And finally mounted
With so many millions
Of jewels for color
That even the brilliance
Grows duller and duller.
Rhyme, like a shutter,
Claps through the words.
Mechanical birds
Woodenly flutter.
Clouds of pale card-board
Creak through the sky;
While, with a hard, bored
Baffled eye,
We turn from these mobile
Toys that are offered,
Seeking a noble
Phrase that has suffered.

But in this airless
Vacuum
Nothing so careless
Can ever come.
Never a burden,
A cry or a curse,
Can hope to be heard in
This crackling verse.
Its last endeavor
Its highest truth.
Hard and clever,
Is to be smooth;
Without a blunder,
It stiffens and dies—
What might have been wonder
Is scarcely surprise.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Design or White Lilacs

In alleys of lilacs
The river runs,
And all of its water
Is moons and suns.

Lilacs are whiter
That wade the moons
And suns of a river
Long afternoons,

And river-lilacs
And river-birds
Cry to each other
Moon-words, sun-words.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

Quicksand

The land had end before the sea began
And fell half-way between the shore and sea,—
As if creation halted in its plan,
Over-awed by its task's immensity,
Bestowing less than chaos, with a hand
Too opulent in width of sea and land,
The land had end before the shore began . . .
And neither boat went there, nor any man,
Nor any creature ventured perilously
On that gray space that was nor land nor sea . . .
For its gray wastes went down beneath the weight
Of the least shell that left no imprint there.
And the swift shorebird sought escape too late
If it but hesitated in the air!

HARRY KEMP.

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The Grand Yawn Party

THREE of Wappington's best minds were in Elmer's place in executive session on the state of the nation. There was Oscar Binns, whose wife's talent for high-grade laundry work gives him leisure for self-improvement. There was "Dink" Hubbell, owner of a five-tube receiving set and thus in tune with all that is noblest in music, politics and pugilism. And there was Elmer himself, that rara avis, a newsdealer, who reads printed matter. All these informed Wappingtonians agreed that President Coolidge would be nominated at Cleveland.

"Johnson," said Mr. Binns, "has lost ten straight——"

"Does he admit they were straight?"

Mr. Binns properly ignored Elmer's interruption.

"——including California. That was the most unkindest cut of all."

Dink Hubbell took the matter under advisement and handed down this decision:

"Coolidge wins in a walk."

"A base on balls," said Elmer. "That's the only way he ever gets on. Then he'll stick close to the bag waiting for the Democrats to make a bobble."

"I got his New York speech from five different stations," said Dink. "You'd be surprised how clear the words come out."

"How did you like it?"

"Well, of course, I was monkeyin' with the dials most of the time——"

"He said one good thing," declared Mr. Binns. "He said, 'America is fundamentally sound.'"

"Sound asleep," said Elmer. "I sniffed up a little of that hop myself the next morning. It handed *me* a good day's rest all right. I bet nobody in the world waded clear through it except proof-readers."

"Personally I prefer a more forceful, energetic character," said Mrs. Binn's husband, "but I like the way he suspends judgment until——"

"Until it croaks," said Elmer. "C. C. would be a bear at playing chess, where you're not supposed to make the next move till a week from Thursday."

"People are tired of talk," said Dink, who invests all his savings in radio supplies.

"That's another hot sketch," Elmer replied. "I doubt if anybody has spilled as much language in the last month or so as Calvin the Silent. Almost every day he climbs up into the mow and chucks down a forkful of hay. He hands Congress a dirty crack, speaks a kind word for the American Revolution to the D. A. R., sends love and kisses to some guy he is kicking out of the Cabinet and shoots us the whole works in favor of law enforcement, Republican education, chemistry, open air, Republican women voters, Japanese, boy scouts, mothers and dumb animals. And when he gets all through putting the seven-pound dictionary people swear he hasn't opened his face since he said 'I do' back in the old man's sitting-room.

"He tells Congress where it gets off, but it's got a tin ear and all he gets out of it is something to veto. As a leader he's like that drum-major who turned a corner and when he got wise to himself three blocks down the street he found himself without any band.

"There's a bird you'd think was all framed for a perch in the Natural History Museum, but just look at him! He hands the bonus boys a mean wallop and they vote for him. He goes to the mat for the Japanese and gets trimmed, and then he ups and carries California where the nicest thing they ever call a Jap is the jumping toothache. What's the answer? I've got a hunch we're still shy on sleep."

"Nature's sweet restorer, gentle sleep," quoted the erudite Mr. Binns.

"That Cleveland shindy is sure going to be one Grand Yawn Party—GYP for short," Elmer went on. "The sandlot candidates are all chloroformed already. If there are any dark horses they'll have bridled tongues. All the noisy guys will be chucked out of the party by the bouncers, Adams and Lockwood. If the bob-haired bandit from Wisconsin wants to pull any rough stuff he'll have to do it in his own backyard.

"They'll stage a couple of days of refined entertainment, like a quiet Sunday in Manchester, Vermont. All the big guns will be loaded with sleeping powder. Keynote by Burton, sweet and low. Senator Pepper sitting on his collarbone giving his own moral structure the once-over. A few kind whispers for Lodge's world court, Butler's wet plank and General Dawes's pipe. The Indiana bunch will be there with their hoods and nighties—all except McCray who's got a date with the warden. The Us Boys will be up from Columbus. Maybe they'll gargle a little close harmony about the Little Green House on K Street where the true-blue patriots saved us from the Reds. But pretty soon they'll put a bag over all those gas meters and get to the main idea of pinning the tin on Calvin.

"Some earful is right! You know the line. He is our Gibraltar, our summer resort, our fearless leader—fearless, yet interfereless—our nifty bus of progress with balloon tires and four-wheel brakes. One of C. Bascom Slemp's little brown brothers from Dixie will speak a piece comparing him to Lincoln. He'll get a watermelon for that.

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"With a snore of approval and three drousing cheers they'll put it over for cool, cautious, calculating, canny Calvin Coolidge and the freedom of the C's.

"Then they'll shake all the delegates and the one that wakes up last has to be Vice-President. By Friday it'll be all over and there won't be a sound in Cleveland but the moans of suffering hotel-keepers who were gypped out of some good picking. The rest of us will be dead to the world."

Mr. Binns felt another attack of Shakespeare creeping over him:

. . . the innocent sleep.
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life,

"You got me doin' it, too," said Dink, stretching himself heartily. "You and Coolidge. I'm goin' to hit the hay."

"Soporific," murmured Mr. Binns.

"Soft-soporific," said Elmer.

The meeting adjourned out of respect to the conqueror of insomnia.

FELIX RAY.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Pocketed Americans"

SIR: In your numbers of January 9 and January 23 you published articles entitled Pocketed Americans, written by Professor Edward A. Ross, which contain statements that do grave injustice to the people of the Southern mountains. In the interest of fairness to the people of a great region of the Southland I ask you to publish this reply to the articles. . . .

It happens that I have traveled over much of the mountain field and have seen the people at close range for more than a quarter of a century. I have seen here and there all the things mentioned in Pocketed Americans, but I would not dare to put such things in a magazine article as representing the life of the mountain people. They do not represent life as a whole; they represent a small fraction of the life, a fraction that is not to be overlooked but must never be held up as typical of conditions in the entire region. There are other characteristics of the people which Professor Ross seems to have overlooked almost entirely that make both the land and the people appear in a very different light.

Here are some statements gleaned from Pocketed Americans which are grossly misleading:

"The only wagon trails lie in the bed of a stream. Made road there is none; all that has been done since Daniel Boone came is the clearing away of logs and boulders."

After reading that sentence one knowing no better would naturally conclude that all the region is like that. The author failed to say that this is true of certain localities only. He seems to have missed all those vast areas of Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Georgia and Alabama where excellent highways have been constructed. If Professor Ross had traveled in an automobile instead of with a knapsack on his back he would doubtless have had a different impression of the country.

"While in the closet-valleys the Highlanders have . . . reverted to the half-barbaric."

Such a statement is worthy of a pedagogical moron. It would have been just as easy for the author to say that there are spots in the mountains just as there are certain localities in Madison or New York where social standards are at a very low ebb. It is unpardonable for any one to make the statement in a way that leads the reader to conclude that the people in all the closet-valleys are degenerate. There are several thousand closet-valleys which are evidently unknown to the author. . . .

"Primitive in their disregard of law."

If the author knew any more than a child about the mountain people he would understand that there are a few people in almost every community who disregard the law; but the overwhelming majority believe in law and law enforcement. In this respect the people of the mountains are very much like those in Madison.

"Married in her early 'teens—the unmarried girl of eighteen is looked upon as an old maid."

How any man with Professor Ross's sense of values could come out of the mountains with a conclusion like that is beyond my comprehension. It is well known that mountain girls do not as a rule marry in their early 'teens. The average age at which girls marry is twenty years. Nor is a girl of eighteen looked upon as an old maid. One wonders what manner of old grannies Professor Ross talked with while in the mountains in order to get all this misinformation.

"One never hears of a wife rebelling at her lot."

This is conclusive evidence that Professor Ross does not know enough about the mountains to interpret the life of the region to intelligent people. . . .

"They [the girls] lack self-confidence."

If Professor Ross would only take the trouble to come to Berea College I would be most happy to introduce him to a few mountain girls who would be able to prove to him that he does not know what he is talking about. . . .

"Nothing is more misleading than the time-honored phrase, 'Southern chivalry.'"

It is difficult for a Southern man to comment on such an obnoxious phrase in decent language. It so happens that many of us who have traveled widely over the mountains have seen about as much chivalry among the people as a whole as we have seen in certain other sections of America. . . .

"Among the males of the Highlanders there is scarcely a trace of chivalry."

This statement is so utterly false and so insulting to every red-blooded man of the mountains that it need not be commented on.

"The Highlanders' comment on our participation in the World War is worthy of morons."

It is very evident there are some millions of Highlanders whose comments Professor Ross didn't hear. He seems to have been the victim of circumstances which have attended the footsteps of other "get-learned-quick" travelers who have entered the mountains for the purpose of learning all there is to know about the people in a fortnight or two while sauntering along back lanes in the most out-of-the-way regions. When the mountain people learn what a visitor is looking for they usually try to show it to him. It matters not whether it reflects on their outstanding characteristics; if they are to be made commonplace cattle some of them fall in with the joke and play the part. The innocent traveler often goes away without ever discovering that he has been sold. . . .

Berea, Kentucky. JOHN F. SMITH.

[The following comment on Professor Smith's letter is by Professor Jerome Dowd, of the University of Oklahoma, who accompanied Professor Ross on the walking tour which resulted in the series of articles on Pocketed Americans. Professor Dowd is a North Carolinian by birth, who has gone into the mountains of western North Carolina and other spots in the Appalachians nearly every summer for many years.—THE EDITORS.]

SIR: I have read Professor Smith's criticism of the articles by Professor Ross on Pocketed Americans, and it occurs to me to say that there seems to be no ground for controversy between Professors Smith and Ross in regard to the facts alluded to in Pocketed Americans.

Professor Smith admits that he has seen "here and there all the things mentioned in Pocketed Americans," and his only reason for objecting to anything in the articles is that he supposes that the author intended his statements to apply to all of the

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Appalachian mounaineers. The evident intention of Professor Ross, as the title of his articles indicated, was to bring out the extraordinary results of isolation, and he naturally picked out the things he observed in the most isolated communities.

Far from any intention of disparaging the Appalachian people, Professor Ross was everywhere impressed, as he stated in one of his articles, with the superior type of Americtn stock inhabiting those mountain regions.

Professor Ross is a keen and penetrating observer, and in all of his books, dealing with conditions in various parts of the world, he displays a rare genius for seizing upon the things fundamental and vital. Even when his interpretations provoke controversy they have the merit of throwing light on the facts from a new angle.

Norman, Oklahoma. JEROME DOWD.

How To Get Into Jail

SIR: It is hoped that all who read the following letter sent to Senator Wheeler, will, for the sake of justice and freedom, write at once to President Coolidge urging the release of Nicholas S. Zogg, the last remaining political prisoner, who has already served six years in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta.

ELLEN WINSOR.

Haverford, Pennsylvania.

[Enclosure]

Washington, D. C.
May 8th, 1924.

Hon. Burton K. Wheeler,
Senate Office Building,
Washington, D. C.
Dear Sir:

On account of the interest your Committee is taking in the activities of the Department of Justice and the Burns Bureau of Investigation, we wish to call to your attention some incidents which occurred recently and to give you certain information which was brought out during an interview held between the undersigned and Mr. James A. Finch, Pardon Attorney in the Department of Justice.

Mr. Finch admitted frankly to our delegation, composed of a group of eleven women interested in free speech, that the Department of Justice had secured a long-term imprisonment in the penitentiary of a man named Fritz W. Bishoff through the activities of two of its men acting as "agents provocateurs." In other words, that Bishoff was framed by the Department and then sent to the penitentiary for a long term.

Our delegation called on Mr. Finch on May 6, to talk with him about the case of Nicholas S. Zogg, who was convicted in California in 1918, and has been in prison ever since. He was sentenced to ten years under the Espionage Act and two years under the Draft Act for opposing enlistment and aiding "prisoners of conscience." Zogg, who is sixty years old, is ill with tuberculosis and has already served six years. In reply to our question as to why Zogg had not been given his liberty (he was accidentally not included among the I. W. W. prisoners granted an unconditional release by President Coolidge in December, 1923), when the President had commuted the twenty-five year sentence of Fritz W. Bishoff, a German, sentenced in New Jersey in 1918, for attempting destruction of war munitions. Mr. Finch stated in substance that Bishoff was to be released and deported because he had actually not committed a crime; that he had been led by two of the Department's agents to express his readiness to perform an act of destruction of war munitions; these agents had incited the act of violence and then anticipating the act, had apprehended their victim and sent him to jail.

The objects of this letter are to call attention to the fact that the Department of Justice in this acknowledgement has admitted that it employs methods repugnant to the customs and traditions of America; and to the fact that Nicholas Zogg is still held in the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary under a repealed Espionage Act, while all other political prisoners have been freed.

LAVINIA L. DOCK,
Fayetteville, Pennsylvania.
ELLEN WINSOR,
Haverford, Pennsylvania.

Why Three Dollars for Whiskey?

SIR: On my own behalf as well as that of millions of other decent and law-abiding Americans who are in the declining years of life and of course subject to the infirmities of age, we would like to know why it is that when our physicians give us a prescription to be filled at the corner druggist's, said prescription sometimes calling for alcoholic stimulant, or in plain words whisky, why does the druggist charge three dollars for a pint of whisky that in pre-Volstead days could be purchased for fifty cents? It seems as if the well-known law of supply and demand which is supposed to regulate the prices of all commodities reverses itself when it comes to the purchase of whisky on a doctor's prescription at the corner drug-store.

Los Angeles, California. THOMAS DODDS.

Do Americans Believe in Democracy?

SIR: The New Republic is to be congratulated on its attempt to place the Washington investigations in their proper light. And you asked a crucial question, which should be even more emphatically reiterated, when you wished to know why the American people show such lethargic indifference toward the senatorial revelations. After all, do the American people really believe in democracy? There is a vast amount of lip-service paid to the democratic ideal by those who would be hard pushed were they required to define it, and even more by those who, if they spoke frankly, would be found not to believe in democracy at all. The era of the pioneer business man is not yet come to an end, and the pioneer business man, recruited continuously from the vast American bourgeoisie, believes that "the people" is but a euphemism for the individual, and that the individual is entitled to all he can get, and by any means. This certainly does not imply democratic control; does it not imply a lack of belief in democracy?

H. D. JORDON.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Immigration and Americanism

SIR: The English, French, Germans and Spanish who came to America in the early days acted on the assumption that the country did not belong to the Indians, who were already here. The European and other immigrants of recent decades have acted on a similar assumption—America does not belong to Americans.

In your editorial on the making of an American nation, I think you underestimate the importance of the racial element in the disunity of mind that now afflicts this country. We are becoming less and less like-minded because of it. We are becoming less and less capable of "reconstructing the moral and social ideal upon the realization of which they (the American people) must depend for the conservation and the increase of their national unity."

It is easy to sneer at American traditions and ideals, and even to say that we haven't any. No nation can have them if made up of scores of different, psychologically different races.

The old Americans are getting a little panicky, and no wonder. This response to the situation takes on the aspect of race prejudice. It finds one expression in the Ku Klux Klan and another, and a higher, in hundred percentism. America, Americans and Americanism are being crowded out of America. It is inevitable that there should be silly forms of protest and rebellion. But the Ku Klux Klan and the hundred percenters are fundamentally right from the standpoint of an American unity and destiny. If America is to go anywhere, except to further disunity and destruction, either the still ascendant but hard-pressed racial group that has dominated American life in the past must abdicate in favor of another, or else it must "preserve America for the Americans"—preserve its racial ascendancy, and increase it; and follow its own lines of social, political and religious life. Some other race than the "Nordics," or "Anglo-Saxons," or "Americans"—loose terms, of course, these are—may be superior; but that is not the question.

RAYMOND G. FULLER.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Hedda Gabler

Hedda Gabler, by Henrik Ibsen. Forty-eighth Street Theatre, May 16, 1924.

MISS CLAIRE EAMES has some qualities which make her extremely persuasive in the rôle of Hedda Gabler. She is able to show us with remarkable success both the respectable General's daughter of upper middle-class Christiania who is always afraid of what people will say and is bitterly disappointed when it turns out that her husband cannot give her a man in livery, and the sardonic and dry young woman who sees grimly through all the idiots and bores of her provincial circle at the same time that she is incapable of escaping from them. She presents a distinguished and exceedingly handsome figure, with a fine sharpness and precision for the sharpness and precision of Ibsen's lines. And she has also—though I seemed to note it less in this rôle than in some of her parts with the Provincetown Players— a sort of nervous intensity and energy which lends a force to everything she does. She takes possession of the rooms on the stage as if they were actually her house and, without underlining the disdain which is sheathed in much of Hedda's politeness, she never fails to make us feel her isolation among the people of her household.

Yet one cannot help doubting a little whether the lady Miss Eames depicts would ever have come to grief as Hedda did. The chief motive for Hedda Gabler's catastrophe is to be found in her suppressed romanticism. She is a conventional and correct young lady who craves unconventional and exciting experience but has not impulses sufficiently vigorous to make her embrace life as it offers itself. The result is that she compensates herself for her boring existence by indulging her imagination; and since she has no first-hand knowledge of life, her dreams, not being based on realities, are always made ridiculous by the event. As a girl, she has been fascinated by Lovborg but when he has tried to make love to her has threatened to shoot him. And when she finds that another woman has given herself to him and changed the whole course of his career, she is not merely jealous of her rival but disappointed at the sort of person Lovborg has become. For it is in the character of Lucifer that he has fascinated her; she does not want him reformed; she wants him to be a Byronic man of genius who thinks boldly and lives dangerously. In other words, she wants him to be a sort of person she herself likes to fancy she might be if she had courage as well as imagination. As it is, she is too inhibited and self-centred to do anything except ruin the work of the other woman—who, though far less intelligent than Hedda, is much closer to the forces of life. Hedda starts Lovborg drinking again and, instead of saving the romantic figure, destroys the man.

Now Miss Eames, I feel, has not quite given its value to the passionate and romantic side of Hedda. No doubt it is somewhat difficult to do this; Ibsen's text is in his most rigidly prosaic manner; the poetry which he excluded from his middle plays had not yet begun to find its way back into his prose through the symbolism of Little Eyolf and The Master Builder and there is certainly little enough which lends itself easily to the expression of romantic emotion. Yet even the indications which Ibsen gives seem to me to have been rather slighted by Miss Eames. Hedda as a girl is supposed to have imagined Lovborg at his drinking-parties as a sort of Dionysiac figure "with vine-leaves in his hair." That is silly but it is her idea of a drinking-party because she does not know anything about them. In the second act, when they come together again, she deliberately tries to revive the Dionysian Lovborg and when at the end of the act she tells Thea that he will come back from Judge Brack's party "with vine-leaves in his hair" she is backing the Dionysian Lovborg against the reformed and efficient Lovborg whom Thea has created. Unless I am mistaken in Miss Eames's intention, she gave this line an ironic and malicious value instead of an enthusiastic one. Yet the fact that it is intended to be enthusiastic seems proved by a later passage in which Hedda, who has heard in the meantime the true story of the drunken debauch, says that she has "lost her faith in the vine-leaves," thereby implying that she formerly had it. Similarly, when she gives Lovborg the pistol and, not having any idea of how he might naturally be expected to behave, tells him to put an end to his life "beautifully," Miss Eames did not quite make me feel that Hedda considered herself the heroine of a romantic and splendid scene. Yet the force of the wonderful line in the last act, when she learns again that the reality has been different from her fancy—"Oh, what curse is it that makes everything I touch turn ludicrous and mean?"—must depend on the extent to which we have previously been convinced of the beauty and fire of her dreams. Hedda, like Madame Bovary, has only found life ludicrous and mean because she has refused to face it from the beginning, she has allowed her emotional life to remain in an imaginary world where it is, however, perhaps all the more vivid for being imprisoned and concentrated.—Mr. Fritz Leiber as Lovborg, on his part, was rather heavy and thick of speech and did not make it particularly easy for Miss Eames in her character of Hedda to establish the contact which strikes off the spark between them.

Mr. Roland Young as Brack fell short a little in forcefulness—for, after all, Brack was sufficiently aggressive to pursue Hedda and sufficiently relentless to drive her into a corner; and he did not do very much with the famous curtain, where Ibsen's stage direction clearly indicates that Brack has at last been shaken out of his complacency by a moment of panic; but he reproduces to perfection Brack's legal coldness, his slightly contemptuous superior manner and his toneless accuracy of speech.

None of the actors perhaps embodies his character so completely as Mr. Digges in the rôle of Tesman; there may be a number of things which Mr. Digges cannot do but if there were a Moscow Art Theatre in America I should vote him as one of the charter members and back him to become at least the Luzhky of the company. Embody her rôle, on the other hand, is precisely what Miss Margalo Gilmore as Thea Elvsted does not quite succeed in doing; she is charming, of course, as she always is, and in some ways admirably suited for Thea, but all too recognizable the moment she appears as not Sheriff Elvsted's old governess at all but Miss Margalo Gilmore.

Mr. Robert Edmond Jones has followed the Russians in producing Ibsen with the costume and settings of the period, and altogether deserves our gratitude for managing an intelligent and interesting production of a masterpiece.

EDMUND WILSON.

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Yet Another Savior

Ethics and Some Modern World Problems, by William McDougall. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

ANXIOUS blonds, afraid of getting tanned, have in the past ten years, been offered a variety of social cosmetics, all of them with one essential ingredient —"Nordic supremacy." The advertisements of the nostrums have been variously stated, but they have all sounded alarums and propounded excursions—against rising tides of color, attacks on civilization, race suicide, social degeneration and such like bogies of the bleached mind. Saving civilization is an immemorial indoor sport. There is not an age, not a generation, which is without some prophetic soul that sees it swinging to ruin, and, trepitant with horror before the last judgment coming at last, stutters or rants a way of salvation. Since Gobineau, the form of it which is associated with the fantasies about Nordic supremacy has had a growing vogue. The Laputas of Europe and America palpitate with its variants. As an indoor sport for pseudo-scientists it divides honors with Mah Jong.

Mr. McDougall's present pronouncement is the most recent addition to the visions of disaster and the gospels of salvation which began to flood the market with the World War. Mr. McDougall is among the latest of the salvation army of the world.

He is so more fittingly than most of the company. A metaphysician and dialectician among psychologists, with a flair for moralizing, he has been able to set the tune for a good deal of ratiocination about the human mind, particularly in that field of speculation and fancy which is known as social psychology. His work on that subject has enabled professors of advertising, sociology and business psychology to dispense with observation and reflection, and to pattern words and prejudices in arrangements of mental faculties whose originals are to be sought in the psychologizing of scholastics. In other fields—as that of the relation of body to mind—he has been the defender of conceptions of a similar origin and nature. To politics he seems, like so many others, to have been turned by the war. The passions of nationalism possessed him early. He appears to have been deeply and hopefully impressed by one set of statistical speculations about the army intelligence tests. With the result that though an altogether recent immigrant himself, he has, like Polish counts and Russian dukes, been able to sympathize fully with all the anxieties of the most privileged of the native American classes. He has been able to worry whether America was safe for democracy, to make moan over the chances that fewer people like themselves might be getting born, and in other ways to conduct his ratiocination as should a professor heedful of the rights and privileges of the righteous and privileged classes.

That he should be so able is a virtue that arises, one who has read him carefully must infer, from the mediaeval simplicity of his habit of mind, the naïve conceptualism of his intellectual furniture. Not the human psyche alone, but the whole world of life and thought come up, in his dialectic, extraordinarily uncomplex. Living causes in human contacts and human behavior do not seem to interest him. The world he lives in is controlled, not by specific emotions, hungers, passions, insights and aspirations, interpenetrative among themselves and reacting to impacts from the changing natural and social environment, but by "codes of ethics" which must be "higher" or "lower." These "codes" are not the multitudes of group patternings that succeed one another in history, but simply and everlastingly two in number, and antipodal in character. One is the code of the "universal system." The other is the code of the "national system." There are these two and no more. Between them warfare wages. "Our civilization" has been developed on this warfare. To follow, in Mr. McDougall's own words: "neither system alone will suffice as the basis of our civilization; the National system, unchecked by its rival, must lead to such disasters as the recent World War; . . . the Universal system, unmodified by the recognition of the validity of the National system, must lead to universal stagnation and decay; . . . therefore the great need of our time is some national and effective synthesis of the two systems."

And, needless to say Mr. McDougall rises in this book to promulgate this needed synthesis, that never yet was on sea or land.

The synthesis consists of a new "code" for all men, a code to be derived from aiming at "this enduring highest happiness of the greatest number." And the greatest number includes, by mathematical necessity, the unborn.

Now the unborn, to be happy, must be well born. That is, they must be the offspring of the middle and upper (but especially the middle) which are the better, classes. "Universal Ethics" prevents this, because it requires the conservation of the unfit, and these increase more rapidly than the fit. There is a constant "dysgenic selective reproduction," enhanced by a miscegenation which lowers the "average moral and intellectual endowment of the population of each civilized country." Salvation from this, the protection of "the highest product of evolution," alias "the cultured life of well organized societies," would be effected by disfranchising all manner of unfit and illiterates, and confining the franchise to "those who had passed a certain grade of education." These would constitute the ruling class, Class A. All others would make up Class C. Intermarriage between the classes ought to be prohibited and in any event would be penalized by the demotion of the upperclassmen. There would also be an intermediate Class B which would be composed of all children of A parents and of children of C parents who had passed a satisfactory examination. After twenty or twenty-five years of probation, B people, on taking successfully appropriate tests, would be admitted to Class A. Each nation would thus put a premium on the breeding of its best. It would also be a unit in a true international system.

Comment on this fantasy would be superfluous. The exposition of the débâcle of "dysgenic selective reproduction" that leads up to it is stuffed with motion-picture revisions of the actualities of European history, with reliance on doubtful pseudo-economic speculations like Corbin's on the middle class and still more doubtful psychological ones statistically formulated, like Brigham's on American intelligence. How essentially a house of cards is every notion in this field regarding the relations of race and culture may be observed in the mere arithmetical consideration that each and every person living today would count about 4,000,000 ancestors in the time of Columbus, and 57,000,000 in the time of Christ, and the in-

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crease is proportional as you go farther back. The blood of the miscellany of the world is in everyone's veins, and what shall be dominant and what recessive is, culturally, at least, as much a matter of time and place and circumstance as it is of inheritance. Far more, in fact. A few reflections of this sort show up Mr. McDougall's scheme of salvation for the hokum that it is.

This does not mean that this book should not be read. Anyone who is interested in the processes by which private anxiety will build itself an ivory tower of public doctrine will find a pleasant evening's entertainment in this book. For weight he may read also the appendices proposing "the only possible" means to preserve world peace, and commentaries on the Bok peace plans.

H. M. KALLEN.

Two Yearners for Yesterday

The Innocence of G. K. Chesterton, by Gerald Bullett. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.25.

Some Thoughts on Hilaire Belloc, by Patrick Braybrooke. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

MR. WELLS once said that if we must have preachers let them at least be as brilliant as Gilbert Keith Chesterton; and one is tempted to add that if there must be critics of preachers, let them at least be as sharp as Gerald Bullett. No more understanding and devastating study of England's prize barker for the Good Old Days has yet appeared than this of Mr. Bullett's. It hacks its way through Fra Chesterton's ideology very like a whetted Juggernaut, and when at last it halts, perhaps a little out of breath and apologetic, the whole countryside is spattered with quivering bits of flesh and muscle. Bullett admires and loves his subject—and sees through him. The "joyous crusader riding a-tilt against all the forces of infidelity" may cower less courageous souls with his thunder of fiats and splutter of epigrams, but not this intrepid critic. He is himself altogether too consummate a master of thunder and splutter ever to be quite taken in by it from someone else.

And therein lies the one great weakness of Mr. Bullett's work: it is, like so much of Chesterton's own writing, too blusteringly clever and smart. "To kick up a dust, even though it be gold dust, is hardly the prime function of literature," complains the critic in his discussion of Chesterton's style—and the same may be said of the prime function of criticism. Mr. Bullett gives us almost too much of a good thing, and exhausts us. His wit flashes so that one rarely quite has time to see where or how deeply it stabs. From the Prefatory Note through to the Bibliography there is not a page, hardly even a paragraph, without its blinding plunge and slash.

> Posterity is the god of those pedants who would die (and may it be soon) rather than make a mistake.

Or again:

> Compared with the brilliance, the frigid frivolity, of Oscar Wilde, Mr. Chesterton's is rather the cosy brilliance of logs blazing on an open hearth.

Or in another vein:

> His [Chesterton's] literary life is an untiring crusade against the major modern heresies, a crusade that threatens every moment to become a charade.

But perhaps a gentler and more decorous approach would never have availed against so bristling a giant as Chesterton. As it is we lay down Mr. Bullett's book with the feeling that this critical David has felled his Goliath not with a tiny stone from his sling but with the giant's own sword.

That may not be the aptest metaphor, however, for both the champions use weapons that are explosive rather than incisive. Perhaps the better way to characterize this study of Mr. Bullett's would be to murmur what a pity it is that his given name is not Dum-dum.

Mr. Braybrooke's study of that other Defender of the Faith, Hilaire Belloc, is decidedly a poorer article. It is a fragmentary bit of tenth-rate journalism by one who, having already written Oddments and Suggestive Fragments, must have a queer liking for that sort of thing.

The book sets out to evaluate Belloc as politician, theologian, anti-Semite, historian, poet, essayist, and traveller—all in 125 pages. It tries hard to be judicially appraising, and succeeds only in being either sophomorically severe or else gushingly fulsome. Hilaire Belloc has written on so many varied subjects, and often with such ridiculously slight equipment, that it would be difficult to find a writer more open to assault in all contemporary England. In the hands of a Gerald Bullett he would be little less than pulverized; but from Braybrooke he escapes with little more than a clumsy pummeling.

The trouble is, of course, that Mr. Braybrooke, who alternately beats up and hugs his subject, does neither with art or understanding. His thinking is as slipshod as his punctuation—and one need go no further than the preface to learn how adverse a criticism that is. For instance, with great heat and many furious lunges he tries to demolish the pathetic reasoning beneath Belloc's anti-Semitism—and then ends up with an exhortation to the churches to remember that "it is more necessary to make the Jew Christian than to quarrel about Episcopacy or the Virgin Birth!"

It is a far cry, therefore, from Bullett to Braybrooke. Both set out to pass judgment on England's literary Gog and Magog, but while the one is courageous, the other somehow succeeds only in being impudent. While the one laughs good-naturedly, the other seems rather to thumb his nose. Sir Charles Higham's well-advertised foreword to Braybrooke's study does not help the book out very much, for it is only eleven lines in length! So that all in all poor Belloc gets perhaps shabbier treatment than even his bitterest disparagers could wish him.

LEWIS BROWNE.

Gold

Gold, by Jacob Wassermann. Translated by Louise Collier Willcox. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $2.00.

THE practice of changing the name of a book in transition from one language to another is objectionable on several grounds. For one thing, it is confusing to readers, librarians, and bibliographers. A more important objection is that the translated title may con-

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ceal or even belie the author's intention. Wassermann would seem to have suffered twice in this way in the generally commendable European Library of Messrs. Harcourt, Brace. The World's Illusion is a more striking title than the name of the hero, under which the book originally appeared, and preserves something of the symbolism suggested by Christian Wahnschaffer, but are we sure that the effect is not to exaggerate or oversubtilize the author's intention, to send us searching for meanings which are not there? In the case of the last volume to be translated, Gold suggests only one element in the complication of selfishness and depravity in which society is caught and which is represented by the chief character, Ulrika Woytich.

Ulrika Woytich is a vampire, a domestic devil, who fastens upon a respectable bourgeois home. Herr Mylius is the Prussian father who holds his wife, his son and three daughters in a state of complete economic and social subjection. Ulrika saves the life of the youngest daughter, Josephine, at the fire in the Ring Theatre, and like the witch Geraldine in Christabel, follows her into the bosom of her family. She discovers that the old dealer in antiquities is enormously rich, and leads the family in a raid on his resources. It is very simple—they merely borrow and spend and take. Under the steady assault the old man breaks and crumbles; when his wife rents a palace in his name he submits, and becomes a ghostly wanderer amid the new magnificence. The long suppressed desires of generations of a healthy bourgeoisie burn with fierceness, and Ulrika, like a salamander, moves through the flames as she did in the burning theatre, cool, collected, active, resourceful, turning everything to her advantage, piling up a fortune by percentages on her patrons' extravagance, and choosing for her own their chief treasures. "Ulrika believed in nothing and doubted everything. The only things she did not doubt were those that she could hold in her hands." She makes noble marriages for the older daughters at a cost of 600,000 gulden each. She arranges an intellectual life for the mother, with a salon full of notabilities. She ministers to the depraved desires of the son. Like Vivian with Merlin she holds Mylius in thrall, and the old man has no pleasure except in her society. Only Josephine stands out against her, and amid the madness of a rotting world lives nobly and disinterestedly, sacrificing herself to her mother's desires as excited by Ulrika, but in the end achieving a somewhat fantastically arranged triumph.

Gold is a less pretentious canvas than The World's Illusion or The Goose Man. In these the personalities of saint and artist tend to elevate the scale and dignify the issues. Gold is on the plane of ordinary life. Wassermann is not a realist in detail. Like Dostoievsky he paints in fantastic forms and explosive colors; but this tendency is more restrained in Gold than in its predecessors. With his broad strokes he bodies forth the years of decadence leading down to the wreck of war. One structural defect in the book is its division or prolongation into two parts. In the second or post-war portion we are introduced to new characters or to old ones grown out of our recollection of them. The reader's interest in social conditions in Austria after the war is defeated by Wassermann's elusive method, and this method in turn fails to make significant the struggle of Josephine and Ulrika The method by which the latter's humiliation is wrought is too arranged, too obvious. Moral lesson aside, it would have been better to leave Ulrika at the peak of her triumph.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Costs and Profits

Costs and Profits: The Relation to Business Cycles, by Hudson Bridge Hastings. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

ANYONE who enjoys problems in chess or bridge and is interested in the causes of industrial depressions may spend a few profitable evenings with this book. In 168 pages of close analysis it presents without a splinter of unnecessary intellectual lumber a thesis which might easily have occupied a volume of three times the size. It is, in a sense, a sequel to Money by Foster and Catchings, and is, like that book, one of the publications of the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research.

No comprehensive summary of such a compact study can be given in a review. Its freshness lies not in the basic theory, which has been more or less vaguely suggested before by numerous writers, but in the precision of the method, which by qualitative analysis restates and refines the hypothesis to a form sufficiently exact so that it may be tested by an examination of data.

The author, having in mind the conception of the "circuit flow of money" from the consumer about the economic system and back to the consumer again, seeks to discover how in the ordinary course of business a deficiency of purchasing power arises in relation to the quantity of goods and services produced for sale. He finds his answer in the customary practices of business men during a period of revival. As long as all money received by those engaged in business is disbursed in such a way that it may be spent again by buyers of commodities for consumption, the volume of purchasing power in the hands of consumers remains equal to the volume of goods produced. But if such money is used for the building up of larger stocks on hand, or for the expansion of accounts receivable, or for the paying off of bank loans, it leads to the reduction of purchasing power in the hands of the "ultimate buyer." Then the expanding production of goods goes on, while the available supply of money for the purchase of goods is rapidly reduced by being shunted into these pockets. The inevitable result is overproduction for the effective demand at the prices which are prevalent.

There is little doubt that in the game of hide the thimble with the causes of industrial depression, Mr. Hastings is very "warm." Some theory or theories of this general type are likely to be substantiated by the facts. But there are puzzling questions left by his analysis. Just why is it that money spent for the enlargement of stocks on hand does not reach the ultimate buyer so that these stocks may be sold? Surely it goes to the original sellers of the materials and so does not remain out of circulation. It seems as if Mr. Hastings were begging the question by postulating that it is used for the accumulation of "abnormally large" stocks..

GEORGE SOULE.

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Negro Poets

Negro Poets and Their Poems, by Robert T. Kerlin. Washington: The Associated Publishers. $1.50.

Veiled Aristocrats, by Gertrude Sanborn. Washington: The Associated Publishers. $1.50.

HERE are two books by white writers on the Negro. Of the two the one on the Negro poets is infinitely the better.

In Veiled Aristocrats the author sets out with a flourish of trumpets and a clash of cymbals, a performance that is trying in its comical aspects, to prove that the Negro is as good as the white man, and, from the viewpoint of art and culture and the nobler aesthetics, a damn sight better.

The study of the orientations of Negro thought as caught up and expressed in the contemporary poetry of the Negro is always a source of temptation to the anthologist and folk lorist. Professor Kerlin, a martyr to the cause of Negro liberty, (in 1919, while on the faculty of Virginia Military Institute, he wrote a letter to the Governor of Arkansas in which he pleaded for the release of the Elaine rioters, and was forthwith dismissed from the Institute) goes beyond Jupiter Hammon to those "black and unknown bards who gave to the world the priceless treasure of those canticles of love and woe, the camp meeting spirituals."

It is a worthy effort, and Negro Poets and Their Poems ought to go far towards bridging the gap that exists between the black and white races in the United States today. Now that the Inter-Racial Commission, with its activities reaching out into eight hundred southern communities, is, to the Philistine South, an unpleasant reality, it would be well for it, in its effort to enlighten opinion on the Negro problem at the core, to see to it that a textbook like Professor Robert Kerlin's is used in the leading schools and colleges throughout the white South.

The fault to be found with Miss Sanborn's novel is artistic, not sociologic. And this, it seems to the reviewer, is a problem that baffles most white people who write stories and novels about the American Negro.

It is a matter of prying into the soul of an alien race . . . made so by the oppressive genius of the dominant group.

The action of Veiled Aristocrats takes place in the environs of the Black Belt of Chicago. Baldly, it is the story of Carr McClellan, a colored sculptor, and a white girl (who turns out afterwards to be of a "mixed" race) and their nuptial flight to Europe. (It is the vogue for authors of inter-racial romances to ring the curtain down on the Defiant Two basking either on the tropical shores of Brazil or the Republican bosom of France.) One cannot help but note throughout the icy narrative the technique of the explorer, the passion to iterate and reiterate.

Here, look at these people. They are just as good as any of you. In fifty-seven years of freedom they've piled up so many head of cattle, so many acres of agricultural land, so many hogs, so many bushels of wheat, so many grains of rice,—they graduate so many doctors and lawyers and cow punchers every year. (Shades of the Negro Year Book!) Now, let me take you into their homes. See that portrait on the wall there? It is that buxom quadroon's paternal grandfather. . . . Sh . . . I won't tell anyone, my dear, but I'll tell you. In the old Reconstruction Days he was Governor of Florida. A regular Blue Blood. Well, he's her aristocratic ancestor. . . . There! The secret is out. Yes, my dear, these colored folks are just as cultured and as aristocratic as we are. Only they are hidden by a veil of star dust . . . a veil . . . an omnipresent veil. . . .

And the procession goes on, very like a Cook's Tour, with flags and drum-beating and with the loud smashing of cymbals.

This advertisement (and I am not unmindful of Miss Sanborn's lofty purpose) shorn of the vestiges of æsthetic polish, of the Negro's "equality," is the most naïf argument in favor of the black man's inferiority, and Negroes agitatedly do not care for it.

ERIC D. WALROND.

The Hussy

The Hussy, by Boine Grainger. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

THE title of The Hussy sounds a disturbingly false note, an irrelevant insistence on a conventional point of view absent from the novel itself. For, although Constance Nye lives with two men before her marriage and consents to live with two others after it, the world's opinion of her plays a remarkably subordinate rôle in her career and enters not at all into her emotional experience. The cabins and studios that receive these lovers know nothing of the Parisian double entrance or the heavily veiled woman who has left her cab at the foot of the street.

Curiously enough the taste of forbidden fruit bravely eaten in the open seems to be rather flat. Constance makes her uncertain way to a sanctioned and somewhat depressing conclusion. One suspects her of being less splendid than she was originally intended to be. In her early youth in the far West she loves two men fearlessly and with a proud acceptance of the consequences. Later she goes to New York, begins sketching, marries and settles down to domesticity in a cramping suburb. But her marriage is a failure—for reasons too complicated to chronicle— and she leaves her husband, returning to her old work and her old friends in New York. The latter part of the novel is chiefly devoted to her efforts to equate the various men who desire her with her own conceptions of love and happiness, and although these men seem unworthy of the heroine and the author alike, Constance's reactions to them have been convincingly and sympathetically analyzed.

A brief summary, however, can give no adequate idea of the boldness of the book's design, which includes several accurately realized backgrounds, a number of three-dimensional characters, many minor figures, and a thoughtful theme developed with sincerity. If the achievement is not commensurate with the design, one is grateful at least for many a page reflecting a deep and communicable emotion. One is grateful also for a heroine who although she is labelled modern is not chronically adolescent.

GRACE FRANK.

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Briefs on Books

The Story of the Renaissance, by Sidney Dark. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

THIS is the second contribution to Doran's Modern Readers' Bookshelf. This new series resembles in form and scope the Home University Library. To judge by the present volume, however, the editors seek a more popular level. Mr. Sidney Dark follows a very conventional line, diluting and thinning out the story that Burckhardt a generation ago, and Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor today, have told with happy authority. The result is, in the literal sense of the word, shoddy; that is, the book contains good wool which has been torn apart and worked over. The excuse for this sort of treatment is that the small handbook may serve as a letter of introduction to the original authorities; and here the present series suffers in comparison with the Home University Library for the reason that no bibliography is provided.

L. M.

The White Devil of the Black Sea, by Lewis Stanton Palen. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $3.00.

TO the foiled Reds who heard him snap his fingers at them, or saw him thumb his nose so provokingly and so often, the hero of this book may have seemed a perfect devil; but to at least one reader of his adventures he appears instead an utter bore. The White Devil of the Black Sea, whose identity Mr. Palen conceals with overelaborate terror and awe, is a painfully incredible figure, a sort of picaro, Munchausen, miles gloriosis, and Ossendowski all rolled into one. His endless and pointless pother to find another place and another time to die is rather trying on the reader's patience. To flirt with danger can often be wondrously thrilling; but to go off on a protracted liaison with it is quite insufferably tedious.

L. B.

The Elephant Man and Other Reminiscences, by Sir Frederick Treves. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.25.

SIR FREDERICK TREVES is a good raconteur. As a surgeon in a London hospital he accumulated a fund of strange and horrible tales which he relates with an eye for literary design. The account of the Elephant Man, with its mixture of pathos and repulsion, haunts the imagination long after one has laid aside the pages; and The Idol with Hands of Clay, apart from any question of fact, is an excellent short story, rigorously dispatched. This is not a book for a queasy stomach; but any one who is drawn to Poe, who can tolerate the confessions of the summer porch, or who, apart from this, is interested in medical anecdotes and medical histories will find much of interest in it. L. M.

Geography and World Power, by James Fairgrieve. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

FOR clearness, conciseness and comprehensiveness this book has no better. And the maps are the best in the world, because they have the least on them. Just the one point that the author wants to make at the time and nothing else. It is a prewar study of the influence of geography on history, brought partly up to date (1921) in this edition. E. E. S.

Journal of Marie Lenéru, translated by William Aspenwall Bradley. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE autobiography of this Marie is unparallelled among similar life-records, illustrating as it does the behavior reactions of a well-conditioned girl who has become deaf and tends to become blind. She compensates for her infirmities with this exquisitely artistic self-revelation—"a makeshift of a will which I have counted upon—to die with a little less anger in my heart." As a behavior document Marie Lenéru's Journal is not inferior to that of Marie Bashkirtseff. W. I. T.

Three Criminal Law Reformers: Beccaria, Bentham, Romilly; by Coleman Phillipson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $7:00.

TO Americans this book is pointed and hopeful. Pointed because our own criminal law is dangerously inefficient. Hopeful because it suggests that we may have reform without a genius to show the way. Beccaria, of whom Mr. Phillipson writes first, fell short of greatness. Although gifted, he was lazy, timid, and selfish. Yet he instigated beneficial legal changes, and Bentham and Romilly acknowledged deep indebtedness to him. We may not be harboring concealed Benthams or Romillys. But we surely have many men who can match or overmatch Beccaria in sincere ability. Our stage of criminal law is ready set for such men to play their parts. J. M. M.

Contributors

JOHN W. OWENS has for a number of years been a political reporter on the Baltimore Sun.

WILLIAM ROBINSON has been a newspaper man for ten years and has published two books on the war. He has recently spent several weeks in Fall River investigating industrial conditions.

CLIVE BELL, the English critic of literature and art, is the author among other books of Since Cézanne and On British Freedom.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER has published a number of volumes of poetry and criticism, the most recent being This Singing World, an anthology for children.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING is a contributor of poems to the Century, the Yale Review, the Atlantic Monthly and other magazines. She has also written two books: Afternoons in April and Wilderness Songs.

HARRY KEMP lives on Cape Cod. He is the author of The Thresher's Wife, The Passing God and John Gregory.

H. M. KALLEN was a teacher of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin and is now on the staff of the New School for Social Research. He is the author of William James and Henri Bergson, Zionism and World Politics, etc.

LEWIS BROWNE has contributed numerous articles and reviews to the Freeman and the Nation.

GEORGE SOULE is director of the Labor Bureau, New York City, and the author of The New Unionism in the Clothing Industry (with J. M. Budish), The Intellectual and the Labor Movement, etc.

ERIC WALROND has written articles for Current History, the Survey, the New York World, all the Negro magazines, the Chicago Daily News, Ecrit du Nord of Brussels, Belgium, etc.

GRACE FRANK (Mrs. Tenney Frank) is the translator of Sudermann's Roses and Editor of La Passion du Palatinus.

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Books for a Dollar

NEARLY everybody is familiar with the paper bound books which are sold everywhere in Europe so cheaply that every one buys. All books, good books as well as bad, are first published in "paper backs" and seldom cost more than one dollar. If a more permanent binding is desired the continental book-buyer has his "paper back" rebound according to his own specifications. This accounts in a large measure for the fact that more books are bought and read in France, Italy and Germany than in this country where the price is two dollars or more. Considering that we have a much greater literate population than any of these countries, it is apparent that our high prices of books have a great deal to do with limiting their sale.

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Methodist

THE General Conference of your Church at the session just ended at Springfield, Massachusetts, passed a resolution which committed the Methodist Church of America to leadership in a crusade against war. The resolution, which recommends a conference of the religious forces of the world to organize an anti-war campaign, was adopted by the delegates at the conference with great enthusiasm. The only opposition came from a minority of extreme pacifists who advocated that the church take a stand against any war. The resolution, as adopted, appears in part in the column to the right.

THE NEW REPUBLIC congratulates the Methodist Episcopal Church on its courageous and humanitarian stand. In initiating this movement it is to be hoped it has made history. The ringing phrases of this resolution, backed by the authority of the Church, will have a profound influence and will carry conviction to a much larger group of people than has heretofore been reached.

THE NEW REPUBLIC is especially gratified because this resolution represents a point of view it has advocated at all times since its founding in 1914. A few years ago such phrases as "selfish nationalism," "economic imperialism," "the conscription of wealth and labor," "the rights of small nations," etc., were found only in THE NEW REPUBLIC and the few journals sharing its point of view. In fact, THE NEW REPUBLIC first gave currency to many of the ideas as well as the phrases embodied in the resolution so enthusiastically adopted by the General Conference. THE NEW REPUBLIC has repeatedly denounced and exposed our imperialistic investors in foreign lands who are bringing this country along the road toward war. During the last war THE NEW REPUBLIC advocated the conscription of wealth and labor; exposed the war profiteer; fought secret diplomacy, and advocated with Woodrow Wilson a just and unselfish peace. It stood with Woodrow Wilson for the rights of small nations and for our participation in a genuine League of Nations. It has supported every move made since the war for our entrance into the Permanent Court of International Justice.

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